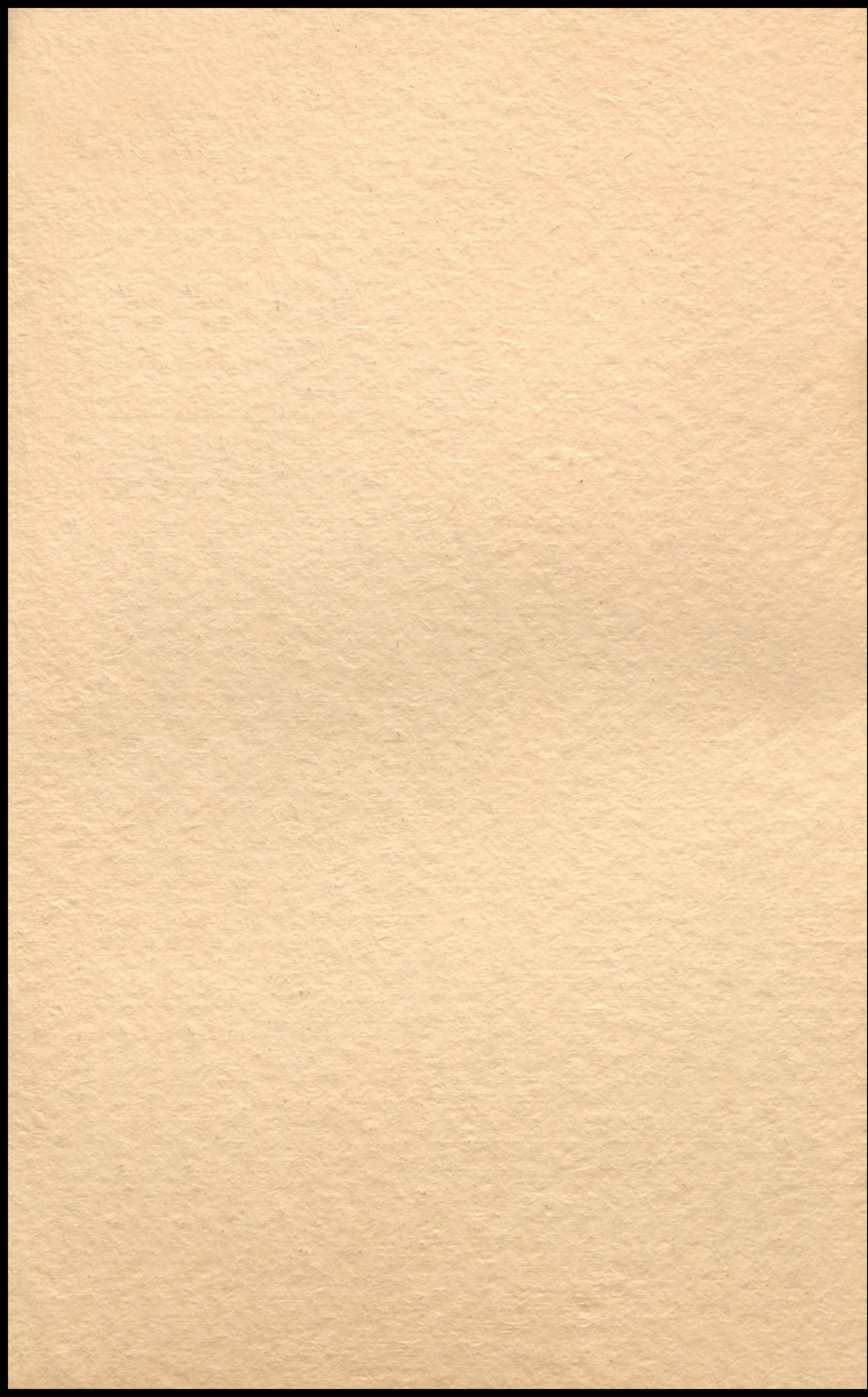




**THE
TAMMICK
FOOTBALL 1913**

F.S.



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**"Just as good as Red,
White and Blue"**

Insist on Red, White and Blue

PUZZLERS

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy?

Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head, what gems are set?

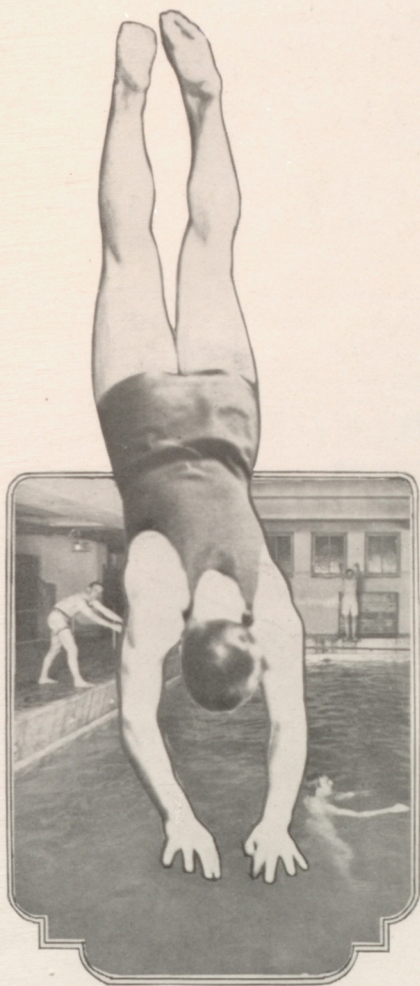
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,

The nails on the ends of his toes?
What does he raise from the slips of his tongue?

Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?

And, if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

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WORTHY INSTRUCTION

1. If you eat young onions, don't breath it to a soul.
2. The man who never makes a mistake, never made anything.
3. If you want to be well informed, take a paper, even a paper of pins will give you some points.
4. There is no disgrace in work, except when it is not well done.
5. When a girl has pretty feet, her short gown is her long suit.
6. Even though her hair be false, a girl is naturally attached to it.
7. Love intoxicates a man; marriage sobers him up.
8. The most tiresome man in the world is the one who has read everything, and remembers it all.
9. The most pitiable sight in all the world is to see a big man in a department store trying to find a spool of thread.
10. They couldn't play cards on Noah's Ark, because Noah was on the deck.
11. Feed the baby garlic, and you can find him in the dark.
12. You can't drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how hard you soak it.
13. NOTICE, BOYS.—It takes 20 years for one woman to make a man out of her son, and just 20 minutes for another woman to make a fool out of him.
14. The only political views most women have are photographs of candidates.
15. No woman wears false teeth to speak of.
16. A cemetery is a place where



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the epitaphs on the tombs lie about those who lie below.

17. Lazy people have no right to complain—busy ones haven't the time.

18. There is only one ghost. He appears on the first of the month, and his name is Bill.

19. The more you look at some people, the more you like your dog.

20. A husband is a funny creature who lives a sad life.

21. Late to bed, early to rise, work like sin, and advertise (in the Tamarack).

Marguerite W. (in Chem. 2, speaking of the manufacture of hydriodic acid): "Mr. Krieder, if we were to use iodine instead of hydrogen, would we get idiodic acid instead of hydriodic?"

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Sir Samuel Sims saw sweet Sarah Swimming. Suddenly she seemed sinking. Sir Samuel stood stunned.

Striding seaward, spurning seething surf, Sir Samuel swiftly swam Sarah-wards. Sir Samuel skillfully supported swooning Sarah; swimming shorewards, Sir Samuel saved Sarah.

Seeming somewhat shaky, Sir Samuel sampled some spirits—special Scotch.

Sir Samuel saw sweet Sarah's sweetness. Sarah saw Sir Samuel's self-sacrificing spirit.

Sir Samuel soon sought sweet Sarah, striding slowly. Sarah sighed; Sir Samuel seemed speechless.

"Say something, Sir Samuel," said Sarah.

"Say Sam, Sarah," said Sir Samuel.

Sarah, smiling softly, said, "Sam."

"Sarah—Sally," stammered Sir Samuel. "Sweet Sarah—sweetheart."

Sarah, smiling, surrendered.—Ex.

Teacher: "Can you tell me how copper was first discovered?"

Boy: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Well, just what is your information on the subject?"

Boy: "I asked a man who had some sense (cents), and he said they smelt it."

Speedy ax, wax, wax,
Speedy ax, wax, wax,
Hold 'em, hold 'em,
Co-tan, co-tan,
N. C. H. S.,
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DUTIFUL

Bill Flude: "I always help my mother k(nit).

Mr. Krieder in Chem. Class, talking about the speaker in convocation the period before. "He told you the very things that I was going to tell you today."

Pause: "Yes, he was a very smart man."

If I had a wife to bother my life

I'll tell you what I'd do,

I'd dig a ditch and bury the witch

And paddle my own canoe.

A few boys take Public Speaking.
More take Private Speaking.

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of that
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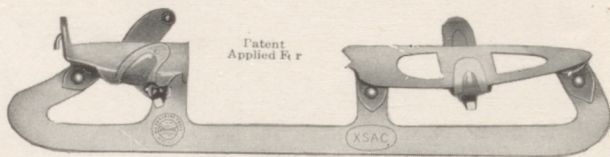
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The Tamarack

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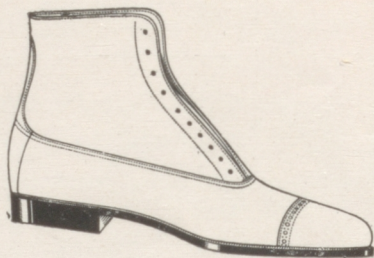
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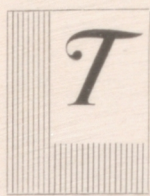
CONTENTS

DECEMBER, NINETEEN-THIRTEEN

COVER DESIGN	- - -	Fred Storm
ATHLETICS		5
EDITORIALS		19
LITERARY		22
The Indian		22
Stuart Lower		
The Humane Warrior		23
Stuart Lower		
Thoughts of a Poetry Student		28
Mildred Woodland		
Mike Mathers, Mathematician		29
Elizabeth Farquahar		
The Freshman Boy		33
May Wilde		
The Rondeau of Gout		34
Stuart Lower		
LIBRARY		35
EXCHANGES		36
CURRENT EVENTS		38
ALUMNI		43
CLASSES		44
SOCIETIES		48
JOKES		52

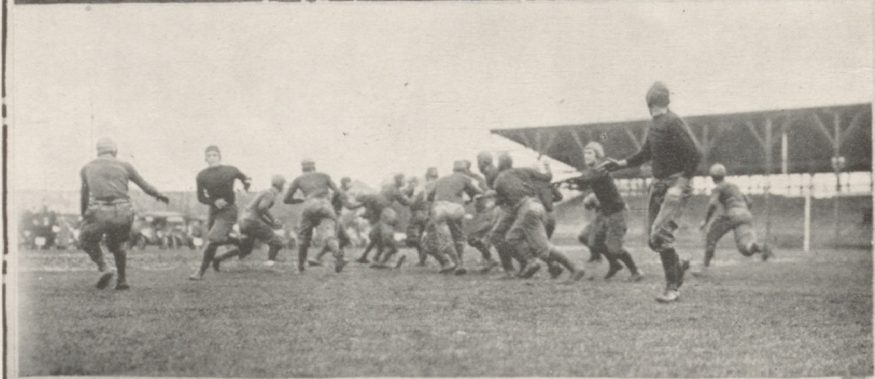
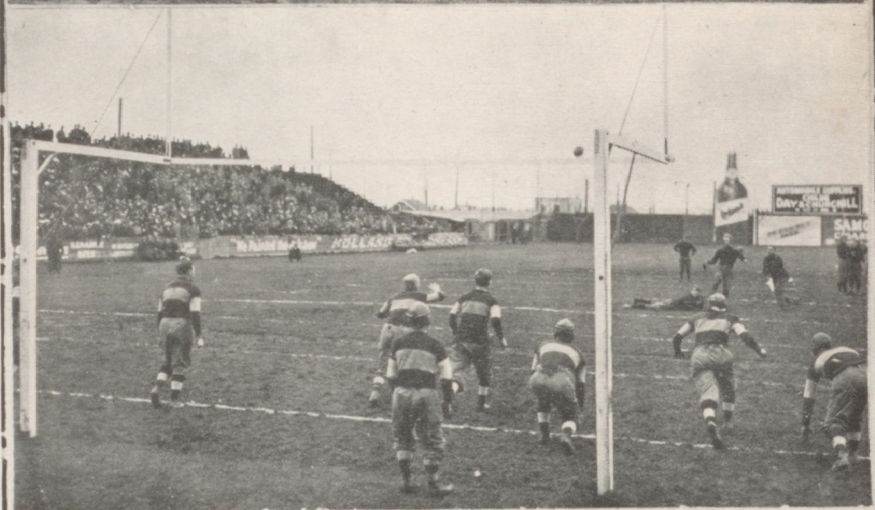
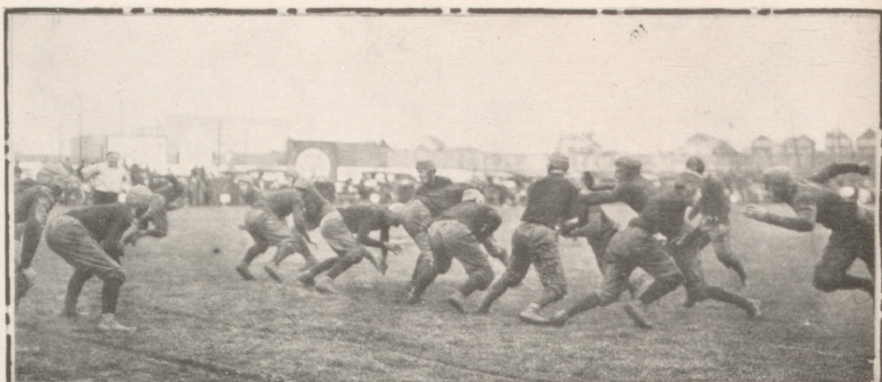


COACH SAM MOYER



o COACH SAM MOYER,
*who put this school on the
football map, we, in sincere
appreciation of the man and
his work, dedicate this issue of*

The Tamarack



The Tamarack

Volume V

DECEMBER, 1913

Number 2



WALLA WALLA VS. NORTH CENTRAL

Playing in a downpour of rain before a crowd of football enthusiasts, North Central won its first big game of the year by defeating Walla Walla 63-0, in a game characterized by the splendid team work of the North Central.

Knowing that in the rain nothing but straight football could be used, North Central got down and played "ye old-fashioned game" and showed the skeptics that the team was not only fast but if necessary could pound the line for touchdowns.

Walla Walla, although outweighed five pounds to the man, fought gamely, but to no avail, as they made yardage but once.

In coaching, team work, and individual playing, the North Central showed its superiority.

Captain Briley, Neely, Van Dissel, and Skadan played star games, carrying the ball for big gains. McKinney played a wonderful game on the offense, but was terribly weak in running interference and breaking up Walla Walla's plays while on the defense.

In spite of the steady rain there were five hundred loyal rooters out and the way they made things hum in that grandstand! The splendid team work of the North Central gave them their large score.

ST. MARIES 0, N. C. H. S. 133

There was no game at St. Maries. Mr. Moyer wanted to see the Coeur d'Alene country so he took the football team along as an excuse to go and incidentally had a little practice game with what was supposed to be St. Maries' High School but which in reality turned out to be a pick-up bunch of ex-football players from everywhere. As these pickups were no good the North Central

had an easy time and Neely tried all the plays, giving our team a fair practice.

Not having had sufficient exercise in the game, Capt. Briley thought he would start something by living up to the old custom of having the winner take the ball and as there were no St. Maries' people big enough to take the ball from him Mr. Moyer had to go down in his jeans and pay the St. Maries coach for the ball.

The lineup of the N. C. was as follows:

Abrams	L. E.	Hanley	R. E.
Jones	L. T.	Neely	Q.
Anderson	L. G.	Van Dissel	L. H.
Kolbe	C.	Harris	R. H.
Maurer	R. G.	Skadan	F.
Briley (Captain)	R. T.		

Substitutions: Russell for Briley, Bullivant for Neely, Stone for Abrams, McKenzie for Hanley.

COEUR D'ALENE 0, N. C. .H. S. 98

Nice day, good crowd, plenty of life and a natural hatred toward Coeur d'Alene is what caused the score, 98-0.

Costly fumbles and poor team work by the Coeur d'Alene bunch were the primary causes of their defeat, opposed to this on the part of North Central's splendid team work and well directed plays Coeur d'Alene didn't have a chance.

Long end runs, forward passes, trick plays and regular line bucking all were made with the same ease, and if it hadn't been for the slowness with which the Coeur d'Alene quarter called his signals, North Central would have added another twenty points to the score.

LINEUP North Central

Abrams	L. E.	Hanley	R. E.
Jones	L. T.	Neely	Q.
Anderson	L. G.	Van Dissel	L. H.
Kolbe	C.	Harris	R. H.
Maurer	R. G.	Skadan	F.
Briley	R. T.		

Referee: Dr. Current, Minnesota, umpire.

Linesman: Dietrich, Spokane.

EVERETT VS. NORTH CENTRAL

In a game, marred only by the weather, North Central was defeated by Everett, 9-0, in one of the hardest fought football games of the year and thereby lost all chance of winning the Northwest championship.

Luck broke, but broke the wrong way, that was the only reason Everett

won. Disastrous fumbles by Spokane's backfield and the fast work of Everett's ends were the direct causes for their scores.

Sensational tackling, powerful line plunges, and good open field running were all displayed, while standing out clearly above these, were the wonderful punting of Captain Briley of the North Central, and the splendid field judgment and open field running of acting Captain Daily for Everett. Time after time, Daily shook from two to three of the North Siders off, returning the ball from ten to fifteen yards, on every exchange of punts. He was also helped along by his running mate, Michel, who is also above the ordinary high school player.

If we had had a good day, a better set of officials, and a little luck, we *might* have won, but as we didn't, we lost. But we lost to an excellent team, so forget all of the "ifs" and try and get them next year, for North Central is never licked, and, if it does take three years to beat Everett we will do it some time and then it will be our chance to crow.

LINCOLN VS. NORTH CENTRAL

In a game featured by sensational end runs and sneak plays, North Central defeated Lincoln High of Portland, 7-6, in one of the most bitterly fought struggles that has been staged on a local field for years.

The game, a beautiful one to watch, was marred only by the glaring ignorance of rules shown by Referee Jennings of Marquette, who time after time made blunders that even a boy would not dare commit. Add to this his obstinacy and absolute refusal to allow either captain to talk and one can see the difficulties under which the teams played. As luck would have it, all the referee's errors were in favor of Portland, and in one instance, was the direct cause of their only score.

A fumble by Tennansee of Briley's corkscrew spiral and the quick footwork of Hanley, right end for North Central, was what spelled defeat for the webfooters.

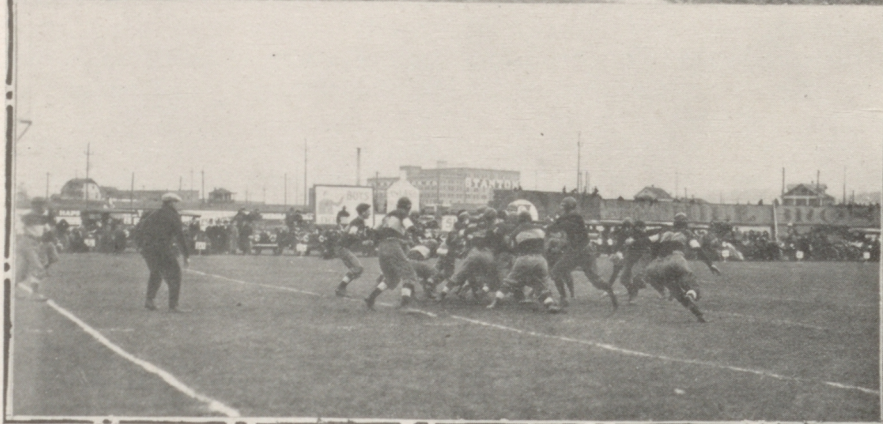
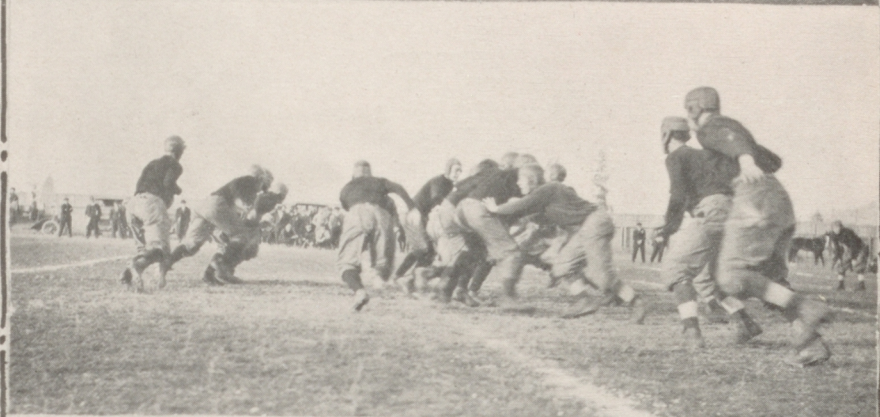
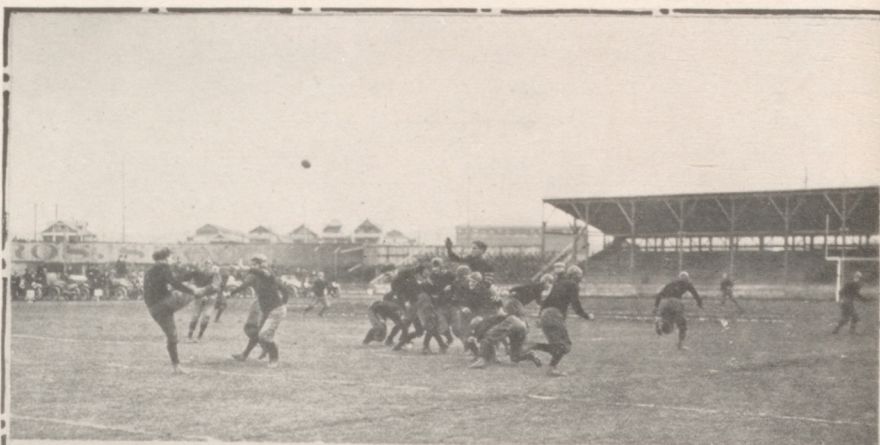
Portland's touchdown came as a result of a forward pass from F. Gross to R. Gross,—the speedy left end of Portland catching the ball behind North Central's goal line.

The day was ideal for a football game and to this was partly due North Central's victory, for on a dry field it is almost impossible to stop the assortment of open plays which the North Central has. The game was clean, and fine feeling prevailed between the two teams.

For Portland, the Gross brothers, Mulkey, and Finke were the stars, while for the North Central, Briley, Hanley, Neely, and Skadan were the leading performers.

LINEUP

<i>Lincoln</i>		<i>North Central</i>
R. Gross	L. E.	Abrams
Schauffler	L. F.	Jones
Busch	L. G.	Anderson
Howard	C.	Kolbe



Condit	R. G.	Maurer
Finke	R. T.	Briley
Hanson	R. E.	Hanley
Mulkey	Q.	Neely
E. Gross	L. H.	Van Dissel
Booker	R. H.	Harris
Newman	F.	Skadan

Substitutions—Lincoln: Jones for Condit, Tennansee for Mulkey, Freeman for Booker, Percy for Hanson, Newman for Freeman, Freeman for Newman.

North Central: White for Maurer, Bullivant for Skadan.

Touchdowns: Gross and Hanley.

Goals: Neely.

Officials: Dr. E. S. Jennings of Marquette, referee; A. K. Allen, umpire; Dr. E. H. Current of Minnesota, head linesman.

Score by quarters:

Lincoln	0	0	6	0—6
North Central	0	0	0	7—7

Time of quarters: 15 minutes.

Time of game: 2 hours.

WENATCHEE VS. NORTH CENTRAL

Showing, by far, the best form of the season, North Central easily defeated Wenatchee, 35-7, mainly by the use of the forward pass, and Briley's wonderful punting.

The game was witnessed by about two thousand loyal rooters, and despite the weather outlook the day turned out to be an ideal one for football. The game was one of surprises. Instead of the light team which played Lewis and Clark some time ago, Wenatchee had a line which outweighed North Central's five pounds to the man. Wenatchee's backfield was the lightest one that has ever played on a Spokane field in a high school game, but what it lacked in weight it made up in speed and fight, for it was the only team that was able to pierce our line, the whole season.

Bullivant, Briley, and Van Dissel were the stars for Spokane. Bullivant at quarter played sensational ball, using good judgment in the selection of his plays, also running back punts and tackling like a veteran. Briley played by far the best game he has played this year, stopping everything that came on his side of the line. His punting was also good, seldom sending the ball less than forty yards. Van Dissel, on offense was good, and on the defense he was a terror to the unlucky opponent, who by chance had gotten through the line, by his fierce tackling.

For Wenatchee, Fenton was easily the star, with Duffy and Hall close seconds. Fenton, who played fullback, weighed but 133 pounds, but time after time made yardage through Spokane's line and while on the secondary defense he was a terror to Spokane's backs.

Wenatchee's only touchdown came in the last minute of play, when by

a fake forward pass Duffy circled Spokane's right end for a touchdown. Boone kicked goal.

THE LINEUP

<i>North Central</i>		<i>Wenatchee</i>
Hanley (145)	R. E. L.	Wapato (165)
Briley (178)	R. T. L.	Nowlin (170)
White (165)	R. G. L.	Looney (150)
Kolbe (160)	C.	Pike (160)
Anderson (160)	L. G. R.	Frank (165)
Jones (170)	L. T. R.	Hall (170)
Abrams (165)	L. E. R.	Boone (170)
Bullivant (140)	Q.	Kaupp (140)
Harris (142)	R. H. L.	Duffy (138)
Skadan (156)	F.	Fenton (133)
Van Dissel (144)	L. H. R.	Miller (142)

Substitutions—North Central: McKenzie for Abrams, 2nd quarter; Maurer for White, 3rd quarter; Neely for Hanley, 4th quarter; Stone for Van Dissel, 4th quarter; White for Briley. Wenatchee: Looney for Miller, 3rd quarter; Foran for Fenton, 3rd quarter; Fenton for Foran, 4th quarter.

Touchdowns: Abrams, Bullivant, McKenzie, Van Dissel, Hanley, and Duffy.

Goals from touchdown: Skadan, 5; Boone.

Time of quarters: 15 minutes.

Score by quarters:

SEVEN THOUSAND—FOOTBALL WEATHER—SCORE: NORTH CENTRAL, 0; LEWIS AND CLARK, 3

The closing of the 1913 football season ended disastrously for North Central with the losing of the Turkey-Day game to the Lewis and Clark High School, but we feel confident that it will only serve to instill into our boys a greater fighting spirit in order that we may win the fourth annual contest between the two schools next year. The game was a fight from start to finish, both teams playing excellent ball. The crowd was given a thrilling exhibition of straight American football.

According to the previous records of the two teams North Central should have been an easy winner. Everything was upset. Hinderman's boys, from the blow of the whistle at 1:15 were in the game for nothing short of winning. Their victory was due to their determination coupled with excellent team work. Much praise is due to Hinderman. A man who can bring up a team from the third-grade class and produce a fighting machine as he has done certainly deserves all the commendation that can be given him. From start to finish our boys were shaken and surprised and did not play the game they are capable of.

A hitherto impregnable line and secondary defense easily succumbed to the piston-like hammering of Doane, Gardner, and Keinholz.

LINEUP

<i>North Central</i>		<i>Lewis and Clark</i>
Abrams (177)	L. E. R.	Cohn (153)
Jones (171)	L. T. R.	Luther (Capt.) (173)
Anderson (165)	L. G. R.	Kienholz (147)
Kolbe (170)	C.	Hoisington (166)
Maurer (166)	R. G. L.	Strom (157)
Briley (Capt.) (179)	R. T. L.	Carnahan (163)
Hanley (150)	R. E. L.	Curtice (147)
Bullivant (136)	Q.	Cone (141)
Harris (146)	L. H. R.	Gardner (167)
Van Dissel (150)	R. H. L.	Kienholz (147)
Skadan (157)	F.	Doane (155)

Substitutes—North Central: Neely for Bullivant, McKenzie for Van Dissel, Bullivant for Abrams, Russell for Anderson. Lewis and Clark: Hargreaves for Kienholz, Kienholz for Hargreaves.

Goals from field: Doane (place kick).

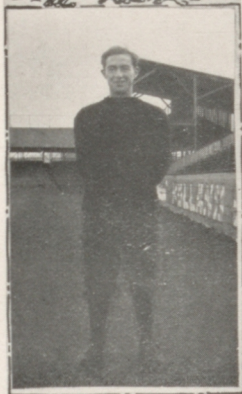
North Central	0	0	0	0—0
Lewis and Clark	0	0	3	0—3

THE SCRUBS

Hats off to the scrubs! If it were not for this loyal, hard-fighting, never-say-die handful of the best sportsmen in the North Central, where would our first team have landed? All the coaching in the world, without anyone to practice against, there could never make a team worth the name. So, as I said before, hats off to the bunch who really made our team what it was and who made it do what it did.

The scrubs this year were captained by Ed Quigley, who has played left half on the second team for two years.





"MOOSE" BRILEY

Captain Briley, right tackle, All-North-west man in 1912, is fast, knows football and is hard to stop. He is good at opening a hole in the opponents' line and is certainly a punter.

"BRIDEGROOM" ABRAMS

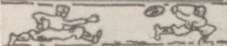
Abrams, at left end, plays his usual game.

"PARSON" JONES

Jones, last year a guard, but now playing tackle, plays a fine game, playing his position in good style, getting through the line time after time to break up plays.

"PINKIE" KOLBE

Kolbe, at center, is both heady and aggressive, is a terror to the opponents while on defense and a cool, heady player while on offense.



"BELLINGHAM" HANLEY

Hanley, at right end, plays a nice game, he is fast, gets down on punts and is a sure tackler.



"LIPEY" NEELY

At quarter Neely played a nice game, showing good judgment in his use of signals and his mode of attack.





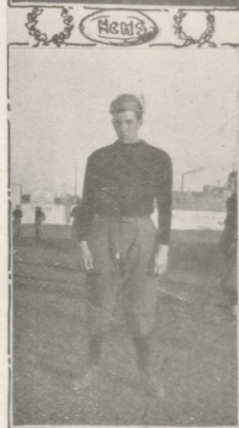
"HAPPY" MAURER

Maurer, at right guard, has played a good game throughout the season and is fairly fast. It is his first year of High School football.



"MUM" WHITE

White, a new man in football, is due for a grand year next season.

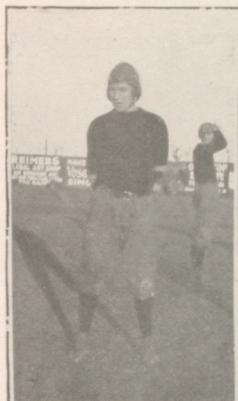


"PURITY" RUSSELL

Russell, a new man in the game, will land a place on the team next year.

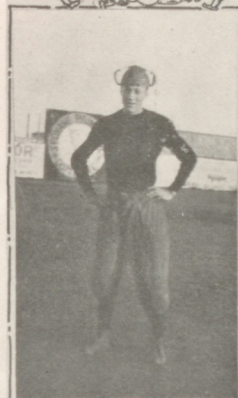
"SLEEPY" McKENZIE

Dave McKenzie played a nice game in all of the games he was in.



"FUSSING" STONE

Stone played a good game and was always right there when it came to tackling.



"LOON LAKE" ANDERSON

Anderson, a new one from Loon Lake, playing at left guard, plays a nice game, and by next season ought to be able to fill Briley's place well.





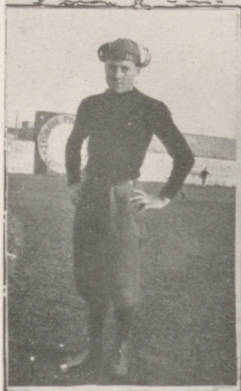
"GROUCH" VAN DISSEL

Dutch Van Dissel, left half, is a sure tackler, fast on his feet, built for football, and plays like he is built.



"COPENHAGEN" SKADAN

Blondy Skadan, fullback, is good at diagnosing plays, a dangerous man on the starting end of a forward pass and a good runner in a broken field.

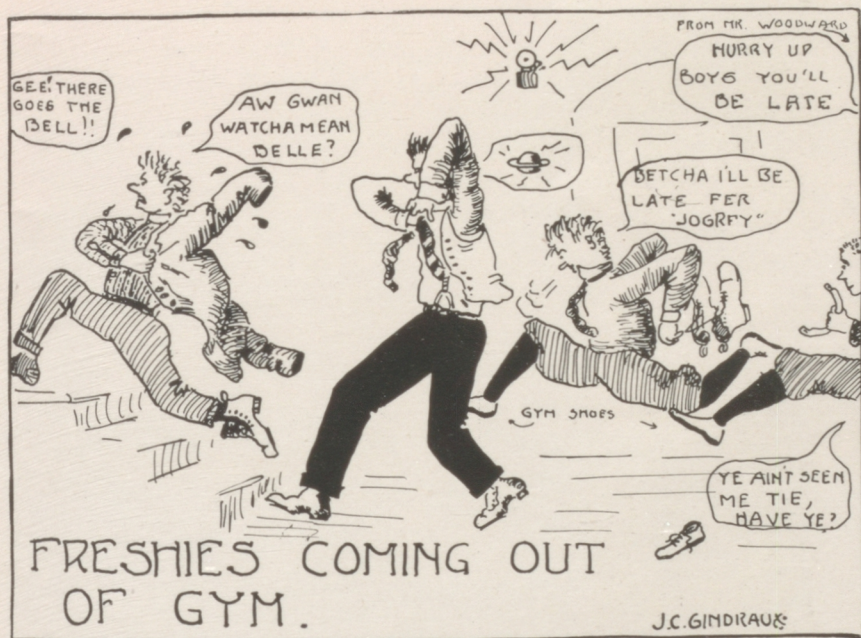


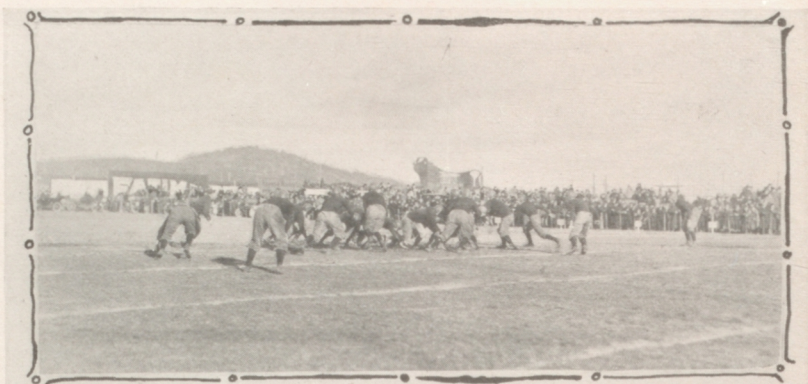
"BULLET" HARRIS

Harris, at right half, played his first year as a regular, having been a sub on the 1912 team, and did splendidly, his terrific tackling making him a terror to his opponents. While carrying the ball his terrific smashing makes him hard to stop.

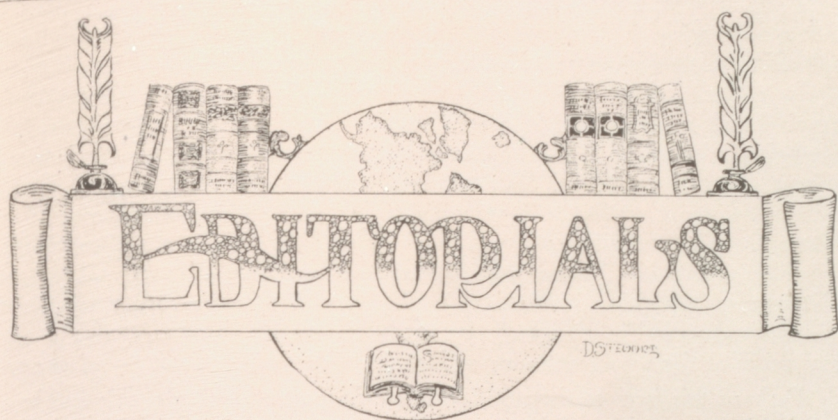
"ROUGH-HOUSE" BULLIVANT

Bullivant, on account of studies, was kept out of football until after the Everett game. In the games he did play in he played nice ball.





THAT LEWIS AND CLARK GAME



THE PAST YEAR

The end of another year is rushing upon us,—the end of a year of trials, joys, sorrows, and happiness. To some a profitable one, to others, not. To some a year of far greater importance than the passing of a class in school. Some have gained a broader education, an education well worth a year of high school work. Perhaps not the book knowledge, but that knowledge which comes from the pursuance of science and the problems of life.

Who are you? What have you done? What obstacles have you met? What excuse can you offer for existing during the past year? Did you start out the year with a definite, fixed purpose in mind and succeed in accomplishing it? Can you face your conscience, with your head and chin up, and say, "I have filled this year with 365 days of good excuse for existing, with 365 days of an earnest endeavor to succeed; panted to the point where "Will" was all that held my shoulder to the great wheel, and where at each rotation of sorrow, disappointment and discouragement I throttled and conquered DESIRE, and HELD ON?"

If you can meet him with these arguments, then you have not lived this year in vain; if you cannot, you have been to a certain extent a failure. Experience is a great teacher, what has she taught you?

POLITENESS

North Central is everywhere recognized for its ability in athletics, dramatics, and debating; in short, all high school work most apparent to the outsider. But notwithstanding these honors and achievements, there is one thing for which we are not "well" known. I refer to politeness, courtesy.

Tamarack on numerous occasions has seen and heard of instances—in which neither of these was either respected or practiced. Where? In the halls, class-rooms, convocation, on street-cars, and in the cafeteria. When? Morning, noon and night. Who? Everybody, including North Central students.

What are we going to do about it? So far, Tamarack has found one, and only one, remedy for such cases: Catch when young and kill.

In whose desk did you stuff waste paper, this morning? Whose books did you knock on the floor, in the hall? Who whispered in chapel while we were being addressed? Who stopped the momentum of your pie crust and doughnut end this noon? Whose foot was it you caught on the stairs? Didn't you forget to tip your hat to those girls? Are you first to get on and off the street-cars? Do you give your seat to girls and women in crowded cars? Do you refuse a seat, girls, when someone has been so polite as to offer it to you? (This happens often—is it modesty?) Did you like it this noon when two or three pupils crowded in ahead of you at the cafeteria? Did you offer to open heavy doors at the school entrance and let the girls go in and out ahead of you?

Perhaps this is more thoughtlessness on the part of both the girls and boys, but "the failure to think right is one of the greatest failures in this country."

Tamarack does not mean to censure you too harshly for these minor errors, but it does think a little more care should be taken in regard to such matters.

THE QUITTER

Don't be a quitter. Brace up, and let's see what's in you. Supposing you did flunk in your English or German. Supposing some one *can* play a little better football or basket-ball than you can. You still have a character behind you, yes, and you have teachers who are more than willing to meet you half way to help you. Don't say you can't. Of course it's hard, but to teach you to do difficult things without flinching is one of the purposes of the school. From now on, unless Fate proves more kind to you than to the average mortal, hardships will constitute a very large part of life affairs.

This is life, and it is incumbent upon you to make the most and the best of it. Are you going to apply yourself, to take a good grip on your own affairs and control them instead of allowing them to control you? Will you choose to be the "watch spring and run the whole works," or would you rather take the slothful attitude and "be run over," because you have chosen to be the steel rails?

Now is the time to take these matters in your own hands. Neglect them now, when the tide of your fortune is at its height and all the remainder of your lives will be spent in regretting it.

THE SCHOOL PAPER

The school paper should mean many things to us, but primarily it should mean the best that our efforts can produce. It should be the cream of our work in literature and art. Furthermore, it is the voice of the school. It is a record of our high school life and a perusal of this publication in after life will enable us to recall some of the most pleasant incidents of our experiences. The ideal

school paper is not necessarily the best paper ever produced or capable of being produced, but the one which best represents the abilities of the student body supporting that paper. Should we not reach this standard a mistaken idea of our abilities by outsiders is gotten or a wrong impression created. To reach this standard of perfection, it is needless to say, is the work of the individual student. For after all it is his support of both the business and literary departments which finally determines the stamp of the paper. To be plain, every person in this high school should do his utmost to make this paper the ideal, for personal benefit as well as for the benefit of the school.

Are you doing your part?



THE INDIAN

His bow and arrows lie upon the ground,
The campfire's light gleams on his copper
face.

He looks content; it is his rightful place,
This mighty prairie where the only sound
Comes from the hungry wolf who roams
around,

Or from the yelping pack's exciting chase.
The Indian sits alone unmoved; slight trace
Of savagery upon his face is found.

Long years before he sat with others here,
Proud friends who roamed the country far
and near;

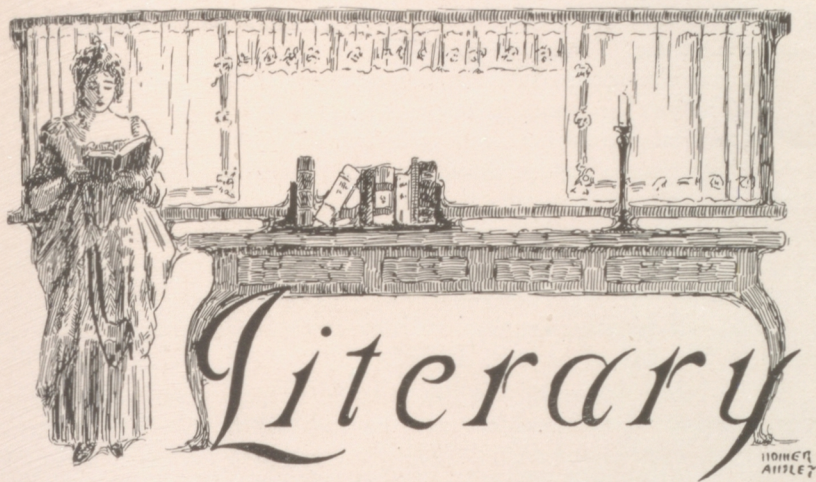
Who fought and ruled amid the stirring years
When war was welcomed with excited cheers.
But now how new and changed the picture's
tone,

He sits the last man of his tribe, alone.

—Stuart Lower.



HOMER ANSLY



THE HUMANE WARRIOR

By Stuart Lower

He was one of the staff of the "World's Globe," and yet the other reporters called him an outsider. He was not a regular newspaper man, and never would be; he could not write up an assignment or follow up a tip. He worked by himself; he gossiped on the street corners, he hung around the saloons, he visited the zoo, and once in awhile he dropped in at the police stations and courts. The editor never stormed at his stories—he couldn't, they were above criticism by him. He only read them, and as he laid the copy among the "live news," even on his busiest days, a feeling of sympathy came over him for all humanity. These little stories affected him, just as they did every reader of the paper. This was why Kirk Stevens was one of the staff, and this was why part of his nickname was "humane." And although he fell by the wayside when requested to get an interview, and was unable to write a lead, yet he was invaluable when it came to finding and writing those little incidents of every-day life called human interest stories, which have the power to make people laugh or cry.

The editor said that Providence had sent Kirk into the office of the "World's Globe," but Kirk knew it was an empty stomach. He had taken a story one cold December day to the editor, who saw its merits and treated him to a lunch. He was told to bring around other stories like it, which he did. A week later he was informed he was on the payroll, and it was his business to get human interest stories. He seemed to have no trouble in picking out the pathos or humor of an incident, and giving it to his readers so they saw it, too. It came to him naturally.

He did not often associate with the others in the office. They talked of shows, and girls, and politics; things he cared nothing for.

"I wonder if he's been married or in love," said Shorty. "None of the girls have been able to capture him. Mabel said she flirted with him a week,

and then gave it up in disgust. Why, boys, I've fell for six different ones in the last six months."

"Maybe he's got a relation to support."

"No, he puts his money in the bank every week."

"Maybe he's saving for a girl someplace."

"Mighty strange way he came here nearly starved to death. It's unlikely he had one then, and from what I know he hasn't got one since."

"Some of these days he'll awaken to the fact that a woman looked at him, and away he'll go after her. He'll do what one of us never thought of doing. He's just one of those kind. Nothing will be able to stop him."

"Yes, it'll be something like the way when he gets started on the war question." The men in the room laughed.

Kirk's hobby was war. He had talked the reporters out of the office on certain occasions when the subject came up and they had learned to keep the question quiet when he was around. He was a patriot of the highest order. He boasted that if another war ever came up in which the United States was engaged he would be at the front. He talked with familiarity of Napoleon, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, and many another noted general in history. It seemed impossible that this subject could interest a man with such a temperament as he, and the newspaper men treated it as a joke.

"Wouldn't he make a dandy little humane warrior?" Terry said one day, and the name stayed. Thereafter the men spoke of Kirk as the "Humane Warrior."

A year and a half had passed by and then suddenly war was declared. The United States was thrilled through and through. Spain had gone too far, and now the expected had occurred. The "World's Globe" office was one of the busiest places in the country; everyone was rushed from early morning until late at night. Perhaps this was why the editor did not notice that fewer stories came from Kirk Stevens, that these were poorer, and that at times he came and stood by his desk trying to say something that refused to come. But at last one day the truth came out. The editor whirled suddenly and noticed that Kirk was trying to say something.

"Well, Kirk, what is it?"

"I'm going to quit, Charles."

"Going to quit! Good Lord, man, what for? Doesn't your pay suit you?"

"Yes."

"What's the idea then?"

"I'm going to join the army and go to the Philippines."

"Going to do—— What's the matter, man? You'd better think it over and stay here."

"I've thought about it, and I've fought to conquer myself, but I've got to go. You can't stop me. I'm going even if I have to give up my life. I'm sorry, Charles. You've done a lot for me and I hate to go, but I must."

"I'm sorry. Wait until tomorrow before you decide, Kirk, I'll see what I can do."

The next day Kirk appeared at the desk.

"Have you changed your mind, Kirk?"

He shook his head.

"Well, you're not going to quit anyway."

"Not going"——

"No, we're going to send you over to the Philippine Islands as a special correspondent. You'll send us the facts. You can be with the army, just the same as any soldier, and you'll be far better off."

In the end Kirk Stevens left for Philippines as a special correspondent for the "World's Globe."

The world was hidden by a white misty veil of fog, so dense that one could almost feel it. A thousand sounds came from a thousand invisible objects. Out in the woods the birds twittered and sang, the trees sighed sleepily under the light morning breeze, the waves spilled playfully on the beach; a fisherman called a farewell, and soon the creak of his oars was lost in the distance; but clearly and distinctly above all of this sounded the strange melody of a native love song by one of the villagers. Then suddenly the loud, clear, piercing notes of a bugle sounded with a crash, and, as the echoes rolled farther and farther into the hills, the fog slowly began to lift. In a few minutes the sun blazed forth from the east, just above the sea, whirling slowly upward from its bed of mist.

If anyone could have seen, they would have noticed a woman, or rather, a young girl, come quickly from the grove of palms to the left of the street, if it could be called such, and go hurriedly into one of the huts on the water front, as the notes of the bugle dwindled away. Two minutes later a man stepped forth from the same grove and walked slowly back toward the meadow decked with a thousand white tents. He was not dressed in a soldier's uniform, but in a rather worn English tailored suit. It was plain he was an American—he was Kirk Stevens.

Kirk had landed with the army at Manila, and had seen the capture of Caloocan; he had entered Malolos, the insurgent capital, with the victorious army; and had witnessed the passage of the Rio Grande at Calumpit. Time and time again he had been thrilled as he heard the rattle of the Mausers and the roar of the cannon. Success after success by his countrymen had filled him with a glowing pride, and at times he had hardly been able to resist the temptation of rushing in and fighting with his fellows. So his stories which went to the "World's Globe" office were filled with such glowing accounts of battles, that the editor at times felt that they must be overdone.

He had been offered a cabin on the transport ship which was taking a thousand soldiers to join another thousand in keeping Ramon Delgado with his army of Spaniards and Philippines in the hills. Kirk thought that Providence had led him to this little huddled, squalid village of Rosario, with its quiet little bay; to the army of General Davon, who was holding Delgado in the hills;

and to Mannela, the first and only girl he had ever loved in his life. It was she, with her dark, laughing, fearless eyes, her dimples, her rich, ringing laughter, her abundance of black hair, and her graceful, shapely form, for whom he had waited so long. Yes, she was meant for him! No doubt of this had ever entered his mind after the first meeting.

The shadows deepened; the red flecked ocean lost its coloring, and as darkness settled, the eyes of the night peeped forth from the sky, a clearer reflection of the glowing camp-fires below.

At ten o'clock all signs of human habitation had disappeared in Rosario. The moon sailed silently overhead, the stars twinkled as before, although the camp-fires had sunk into blackness. But no! two human beings besides the sentries were awake, and even now one was moving swiftly toward the palm grove.

Kirk was there to meet his sweetheart, his future wife. Two stories had been sent to the editor since he had asked her to become his wife, and Charles had noticed upon receiving them, that they showed very little patriotism compared with those formerly, and seemed to uphold the Spaniards and natives a little more.

Kirk slipped silently into the shadows of the towering palms, here and there pierced by moonbeams of gold, and waited. How glad he was that he had studied Spanish while in school! Although two months had not elapsed since his arrival he was now able to speak fairly well, and he could understand a great deal of what he heard about him.

Then he heard someone approaching. It was Mannela. But she did not enter with the usual happy smile on her face. Tears filled her eyes, and she was sobbing.

"What's the matter, my little girl?" Kirk said, springing forward and catching her in his arms.

She did not answer at first, but stood looking away. At last she lifted her head, saying brokenly, "My brothers!"

"Your brothers! What is the matter? I did not know you had any."

"No, I never dared tell you. But they're starving!"

"Tell me more about it. I may be able to help you."

"No, you could do nothing. They're up in the hills. They're with the Spanish army. They can't get food, and they must have it, they must have it." She burst forth crying. "I won't let them starve while you and your army are down here being well fed. You've got to"——

"Do you mean they're with Delgado?"

"Yes. If they come down from the hills and are caught, they'll be shot. My brothers were among those men who met Lieutenant Graham and his detachment two weeks ago. You know what happened. My brothers could not help it. The natives were beyond their control, but you know they blame it on the commanders. My brothers are held responsible for Graham's torture. If they are caught, there is no help for them."

"Yes, you're right. I could do nothing—I *would* do nothing to help them."

"You"——

"No, don't ask me. I love my country."

"You mean you love it more than me?"

"Yes—no—you don't understand."

"I do understand, *now*. You lied to me all along!"

She stepped away from him, and as she did so a moonbeam fell across her face, showing it plainly to him.

"Yes—I—I—can—never"—— He stopped,—he could go no farther. Then he suddenly sprang toward her. "No, no, I did not mean it. My country can not stop me. Nothing can stop me but you. I'll work for your brothers, my brothers!"

"I knew you would. Listen! We must make preparations as soon as possible. It is the only way to save them. Juan Marrero is near. I will call him." She grasped a small whistle hanging around her neck, and blew it softly.

"No, no, I can't meet anyone tonight. I won't betray my country!"

She clung to him.

"Wait, you must stay." All strength of resistance seemed to desert him. He was a child in her presence.

The bushes parted slowly and a rather ragged individual approached.

"Signor Kirk," he said bowing.

"Yes."

"Ahem! I suppose the young lady, your future wife, has informed you why I am here?"

"Yes."

"Of course, Signor, we shall arrange that you take no risk. Listen! You can tell General Davon that you have received a tip that we are moving toward Santa Cruz by the Pancho Pass next Tuesday. Of course he will investigate. We shall be prepared for this, our main force being hidden, and a few troops will deceive him into believing we are leaving. He will take out his army. We will surprise him, and all is over. They will soon be exchanged; you will never be blamed. Sir, you will do this girl a great kindness. Can I rely on you, Signor?"

"No! by Heaven's name, you can't! You"——

"Oh, Kirk!"

He was touched to the heart. He could not withstand her pleadings. She turned to Marrero.

"Yes, Signor, you can depend on him. He will see General Davon Monday evening. You can depend on him for my sake."

When Kirk looked up, Marrero was gone.

How Kirk suffered through the following two days, no one can tell. Time after time he started for General Davon's quarters to tell all. But each time Mannela's beautiful tear-stained face appeared before him. His love for his country, his love for the girl, conflicted in a mighty battle. Toward the end he

remained in the woods for fear the notes of the bugle would conquer him. Mannela was with him a great deal, encouraging and soothing him.

That night he called at the General's tent and told him the lie. He seemed to have perfect control over himself now. All that he thought of was Mannela, and he answered the General unhesitatingly when he thought that he was doing it all for her. Davon said nothing, but that night several scouts departed for the interior.

The next day the army was electrified by the order to march. Two hours later fifteen hundred jaunty men swung into the woods.

While this was going on Kirk was with Mannela. The notes to advance came to him and he sprang to his feet, quivering with excitement.

"It will soon be all over," Mannela was saying. "It is far better this way. The army will only be sent back to the United States."

"Yes, they'll shoot our men like dogs! They're in ambush now! We'll have no chance! Oh, God, what have I done!"

When he got control of himself she was gone. He was glad of it. He wanted to be alone. Out on the beach the tide was coming in, licking up farther and farther on the sand, creeping up, up, up. Out in the woods the American army was drawing nearer to its fate,—a sure fate.

That night Kirk rapped at Mannela's door. He heard voices inside, and hesitated. Then he knocked again.

"Come in!" a voice said. Kirk stepped inside. At the table sat Mannela, and opposite her Marrero. The three silently looked at each other.

"Well!" Marrero said at last.

Kirk ignored him. "Mannela! I cannot stay alone! I need you near me! I have done a terrible thing for your sake! You must come with me! We will go anywhere rather than stay here!"

She did not answer him, and he noticed with surprise that she was looking at him coldly. Another tense silence followed. Then she stepped over to Marrero and put her hand on his shoulder. The Spaniard smiled triumphantly, scornfully, and at last said,

"Signor, this is my wife!"

THOUGHTS OF A POETRY STUDENT

If fairy folk were all about tonight
To help poor mortals as in days of old,
I'd not sit here a-trying hard to write,
But I should sleep this wintry night so cold,
Nor would the elfin-folk think I were bold.
But much they'd think and much they'd do and say,
And much they'd plan as in the days of old,
And in the morning, at the break of day,
I'd find the fairies had composed my simple lay.

—Mildred Woodland.

MIKE MATHERS—MATHEMATICIAN

By Elizabeth Farquhar

"Speakin' o' beans," said Mike Mathers as he spat contemptuously into the wood-box, "'at 'er new school ma'am don' know beans! Why, dumn me, she don' know nuthin'! I call it a burnin' shame! The county ought to interfere!"

The group about the stove laughed. Every day since the coming of the new school ma'am six weeks before, they had listened to Mike's tirades upon her methods and her moods and in the course of time it had become a huge joke with them.

"Ah, come now, Mike," teased Spud Arnold, the dandy of Cross Corners, as he helped himself to a piece of over-ripe cheese, "you—all don' mean that!"

"Course he don'," scoffed Manny Wilson, the village wit! "Mikie's in love wid de lady an' don' know it and don' want anybody else to know it either! Ain' that so, Mike?"

Mike opened his mouth to protest, but, before words came, Jed Smither-son, the store-keeper, appeared, his honest red face aglow with excitement.

"Say, boys," he shouted, "have ye heard the news?"

"No! News? What news? Tell us, Jed!" Every loiterer was on his feet in a moment.

Jed's chest swelled visibly as he said,

"Mis Lusete Saribilere Jones is instigatin' a Mathematics contest, the subject matter of which is to be problems in Elementary Mathematics—an' every consarned one of ye are invited to precipitate!"

"Well, I swan! What d'ye know about that? Well, of all things!"—the bunch was stunned by the magnanimity of it. As usual it was Manny Wilson who recovered from the shock first.

"There's yer chance, Mike," he said. "Why don' ye go into it an' show the little school ma'am what stuff yer made of? Maybe she'll smile at ye if ye make real brilliant!"

Mike Mathers grinned sheepishly.

"Gosh dinged if I don' believe I will," said he. "I ain' never heard of this year Mathematich stuff before, but I reckon I can larn it if anybody ken! Dad burn it, I reckon I will!"

The evening of the Mathematics contest came at last and Mike, dressed in his best attire, a blue celluloid collar raking his Adam's apple and his Sunday-go-to-meetin' shoes pinching his pet corns, set out for the school-house alone. Alone—because, although he had tearfully beseeched himself many a time and oft to beg the privilege of escorting Miss Jones thither and hence, his courage had always failed him at the critical moment and for that reason the question had remained unasked and therefore unanswered.

It was a cold, clear winter night, with the sky above, a deep blue, silver-bespecked lake and the earth beneath, a great glittering expanse of crystal beauty. Far away across the prairie, a lone coyote raised his plaintive voice in

wailing and a dismal hoot-owl sang its weirdsome song. Over there in the distance, the Lightning Express shrieked, thundering along, a silver cloud in its wake. Nearer at hand came the chime of silvery sleigh-bells and at frequent intervals the sound of merry voices raised in laughter and song, for all Cross Corners with their sweethearts were turning out to greet the first Mathematics contest—and see Mike Mathers win!

“Five times five equals ten, plus twenty equals sixty!”—Gee, it was a snap! Mike had always been a shark at figures. Them there farmers round about Cross Corners didn’t believe him, but he’d show them! and he’d show Miss Lusette Saribilere Jones, too—and maybe——

“Hi! Look out ahead!”

Mike suddenly found himself in a deep drift at the side of the road and felt rather than saw or heard a great rushing red monster sweep by him. It was Spud Arnold in his shining new cutter, and in the silver moonlight Mike recognized the beloved back of the lady of his dreams beside him—and horror of horrors! Was that Spud’s left arm about her waist? No, it was impossible. It was a dream! It must be a dream! Miss Lusette Saribilere Jones was not that kind of girl! It was all a dreadful mistake and Mike would wake up in time for the Mathematics contest, and Miss Jones would be there, and maybe—yet he had seen it clearly in the moonlight and though moonlight has a weird way of enlarging upon the truth, it seldom deviates entirely from it! What could it all mean!

Wounded and sick at heart Mike entered the one long, low-ceilinged room of the school-house, now reeking of many smoking kerosene lamps, cheap tobacco, and cheaper perfume! Even as he did so Miss Jones mounted the platform and rapped for order.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” she said, and her low musical voice awoke in Mike a thrill that went tingling from the tip of his rheumatic big toe up his back bone even to the end of his up-most lonely hair which stands guard over Mike’s rugged and barren mountain-top even as the Lonesome Pine stands guard over its own. A murmur ran through the throng and then all was silent as Miss Jones continued,

“Ladies and gentlemen, in behalf of the school board and myself I bid you a hearty welcome to Cross Corners District School. For ages it has been the custom to have the school-house as a place for teaching the young only, but at last people have come to their senses. All over the country, school-houses are being thrown open to the public, and, thanks to our broad-minded directors, Cross Corners District School is to be a pioneer in this great movement.

“Therefore, we are met here this evening to have a good social time and become better acquainted with each other and ourselves. But, we must not forget that the school-house is primarily built as an institution of learning. For that reason I have planned a Mathematics contest.

“You are all, no doubt, acquainted with the old-fashioned spelling-bee, where the best speller is determined by choosing sides and spelling down. Now this evening we are going to spell down, or rather arithmetic down in the same manner, only, instead of spelling words we shall work simple problems in Ele-

mentary Mathematics. A contestant will be counted out on the one failure and the person standing the longest will receive the honor of being the best mathematician in Cross Corners.

"Mr. Smitherson and Mr. Arnold will act as leaders for the opposing sides!"

Miss Jones ceased speaking and a loud clapping of hands and stamping of feet ensued. Then every one pressed around the two favored ones as the traditional "penny" was flipped. Spud guessed heads and heads won, so to him fell the honor of first choice.

"Manda Kelly," he said promptly, and a pretty but simphish girl took her place beside him. Jed deliberated. His reputation was at stake. He had to pick winners.

"Herman Scroggle," he said at length, after much consideration—and the choosing went on, flippantly on Spud's part, carefully and after much thought and deliberation on Jed's part. The lines at each side of the room ever grew larger and larger while the group in the center became smaller and smaller. And still Mike's name was not called. He was furious. Here he was the best mathematician in Cross Corners an' those dinged rabid old hayseeds of leaders didn't know a good thing when they seed it. He'd show 'em a thing er two! You bet your neck he'd show 'em!

At last: "Hate to do it, Mike! Ye'r sech a durn good mathematician an' Jed really needs ye! But still, seein' there ain't nobody else ye can have a berth in my line!"—and amid the laughter which followed this witticism on Spud's part, Mike made his way to the foot of the line sustained only by the thought that he would shew them 'ere farmers—and he'd show Miss Lusette Caribilere Jones, too—and maybe——

And then the real business of the evening began.

"If Mary had thirteen cents and spent three for licorice, how many would she have left?"

The problem went to Jed and he scratched his bald pate meditatively.

"Well, I swan," he said at last, "I'll be jiggered if I know! I reckon I'll have ter give up, Miss Jones!"

"Oh, come now, Mr. Smitherson, you mustn't give up so easily as all that" (as Jed sank shamefaced into a seat). "Next."

"Ten," said Spud, promptly, and received Miss Jones' most radiant smile.

Another problem was read and the answer given—and another! Mike's turn was coming and he braced himself to bear the shock.

"Two and two and four make how many?" asked Miss Jones beaming kindly upon the little dried-up old man at the end of the line.

Mike felt his breath leave his body in one great gasp, yet his brain worked like a well-oiled machine—two times two equals twenty times four equals ninety!

"Ninety!" said he confidently, and Miss Jones turned away to hide a smile.

"Next!" she said weakly.

"Hol' on year a minute! Ain' that right?"

"Next!" said Miss Jones coldly and the best mathematician in Cross

Corners said nothing, but thought bitter, bitter thoughts as he sank into a near-by seat aided by willing hands.

The contest went on with many a bright and illustrious scholar following in the footsteps of Jed and Mike, until at last only Spud Arnold and the simpish girl remained standing. Then it was that the contest waxed warm and Miss Jones' brain was taxed to the utmost in manufacturing problems for their solving. But in the course of time the young lady fell, even as our hero had fallen before her, on the slippery edge of a simple problem of addition; and Spud Arnold was acclaimed the victorious mathematician.

Then it was that he left his corner and went straight to Miss Jones' desk. With an air of proprietorship he took that young lady by the arm and led her through the crowd to where Mike sat, disconsolate and alone.

"Mr. Mathers," he said, "I want you to meet the prize of the contest, Miss Lusette Saribilere Jones, Mrs. Spud Arnold to be."

"Ah, now, Spud!" protested Miss Jones blissfully, and Mike blushed for her.

The road lay a ribbon of silver in the moonlight as Mike wended his weary way homeward underneath the blue, silver-bespecked sky. Far away where the low foothills faded into the blue above, a lone coyote sent up its doleful notes to the silver moon and the dismal hoot-owl raised its voice in wailing. Over there in the distance the Midnight Express went thundering along shaking the earth to its very foundation as it went. And nearer at hand mingled the silvery sleigh-bells with merry voices raised in laughter and song, for all Cross Corners were returning home with their sweethearts from the Mathematics contest—and all the world was young, save Mike, who was a broken man.

Never again would his heart beat with the joy of work well done! Never again would he feel the exultation experienced by the successful! He had made a dismal failure of life just when life was sweetest to him and now Miss Lusette Saribilere Jones would never look at him again—and he might as well lie down and die because life wasn't worth living any more!

"Hi! Look out ahead!"

Mike suddenly found himself in a deep drift at the side of the road and felt rather than saw or heard a great, rushing, red monster sweep past him. It was Spud Arnold in his shining new cutter and, in the pale silver moonlight, Mike saw that his left arm rested about Miss Lusette Saribilere Jones' waist and her head was resting confidentially upon his shoulder—ah, wicked moon!

"If twenty-six pigs was worth ten cents apiece," mused Mike as he balanced himself on the edge of his bed and removed first his left shoe and then his right shoe, "how long would it take three hay-seeds to eat twenty-seven beans in eleven days, twelve hours, and six seconds! Ya—hum! Who—wisch-e!"



THE FRESHMAN BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Freshman boy with cheeks of tan;
With thy short-cut pantaloons
And thy merry rag-time tunes;
With thy red lips reddened more
By thy candies from the store;
With a grin upon thy face
As thou look'st about the place;
Joys I wish you, not a few,
I was once a Freshman, too.

Oh, for Freshman's childish play,
Slighting lessons day to day;
Tricks that mock the teacher's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools;
How to hide behind his books,
And evade the teacher's looks;
How to carve a piece of chalk;
Where to buy his "Diamond Dick,"
How to dodge the teacher's stick;
Thus we see him in his joy;
Blessings on thee, Freshman boy.

Oh, for festal dainties spread
Like the Freshman's hunk of bread,
Weiner Wurst and slab of pie,
Which he eats without a sigh,
Strolling up and down the walk,
Mouth so full he cannot talk.
From the music room he hears
Sounds that rend the mortal ears,
Thump of drum and blare of horn,
Mingling in a noise forlorn.
All these but complete the joy
Of our happy Freshman boy.

Cheerily then, my little man,
Live and laugh as Freshmen can;
Every day will see thee through
Lessons fraught with horrors new.
Soon thy freedom will be gone
As the Freshman year goes on.
Soon thy chemistry thou'lt learn
While the midnight oil thou'lt burn.

Happy if thou dost not fail,
 Lagging far adown the trail.
 From my heart I wish thee joy;
 Blessings on thee, Freshman boy.

—May Wylde.

THE RONDEAU OF GOUT

I've got the gout! The Lord help me!
 I've suffered untold misery.
 My wife and children laugh and sing,
 My baby on my foot *will* spring—
 The doctor wants an awful fee.

I wonder if I'm meant to be
 The goat? You ask why don't I flee
 To distant lands. It's just this thing—
 I've got the gout!

And why can't other people see
 I'm sick, not bubbling up with glee?
 They say, "Come on, my boy, and bring
 Some happiness to us. Don't cling
 To sickness!" Then I yell like three—
 I've got the gout!

—Stuart Lower.



❖	Library	❖
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CHRISTMAS STORIES

Crawford—The Little City of Hope.

Dickens—Christmas Stories.

Duncan—The Suitable Child.

Van Dyke—The Other Wise Man.

Wiggin—The Bird's Christmas Carol.

NOTE—Any one of these five stories would make an acceptable gift. Each is by a well-known author, is beautifully told, and is full of the spirit of Christmas. They can be obtained in well-illustrated, inexpensive editions.

—*Lucile F. Fargo.*

GIRLS AND EDUCATION

“A Heart-to-Heart Talk with Girls.” The author points out the station of woman in life, and her advantages if she has a good education. She gives the requisites of culture in such a convincing and sympathizing manner that those seeking to develop themselves will have discovered the essential guide-posts. The book is composed of three papers: (1) To the girl who would cultivate herself, (2) To school girls at graduation, (3) To college girls, and a commencement address. Her style is simple, to the point, and interesting. The book is one well worth the time of any North Central girl.

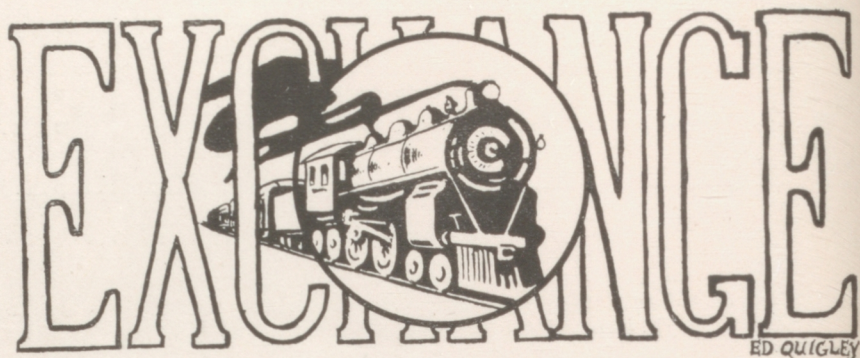
—*L. I. B., Jan. '14.*

BOOK REVIEW OF “THE PROMISED LAND”

In “The Promised Land,” Mary Antin has told, in an interesting manner, the story of her own life, that of a Russian Jewess, who has come to America and won fame. In the first part of the book she tells of the life and the treatment that her family, as Jews, received in Russia. The latter half of the book deals with the author's life in the slums of Boston.

Her wit, style, and individuality attract the reader's attention at once. In her cheerful manner, she tells us that there is something in life for all of us. The book is illustrated with photographs that add to the interest of the story.

—*Lutie Hicks.*



We welcome the following October and November issues:

"Wheat," Ritzville High School, Ritzville, Wash.

"The Quill," Enid High School, Enid, Okla.

"Lewis and Clark Journal," Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane.

"Red and Black," Salt Lake City High School.

"The Magpie," DeWitt Clinton High School, New York.

"The World," St. Paul Central High School, St. Paul.

"The Orderly," Hill Military Academy, Portland, Ore.

"The Wigwam," North Yakima, Wash.

"Commerce," Omaha High School, Commerce, Neb.

"Kinnikinick," State Normal, Cheney, Wash.

"The Tattler," North Division High, Milwaukee, Wis.

"The Odessaite," Odessa, Wash.

"The Eh Kah Nam," Walla Wall High School, Walla Walla.

The cover design for "The Tattler" is very good. Unlike most papers you have a large Literary Department and it is one not to be ashamed of. We also wish to commend your editorials.

"The Kinnikinick" is improving. You have a pleasing number and it is the cuts that helped to make it so.

The girls who helped to put out "Wheat" did well. Your Literary Department is better than most of our smaller exchanges.

Not as much poetry and another story would improve the "Wigwam."





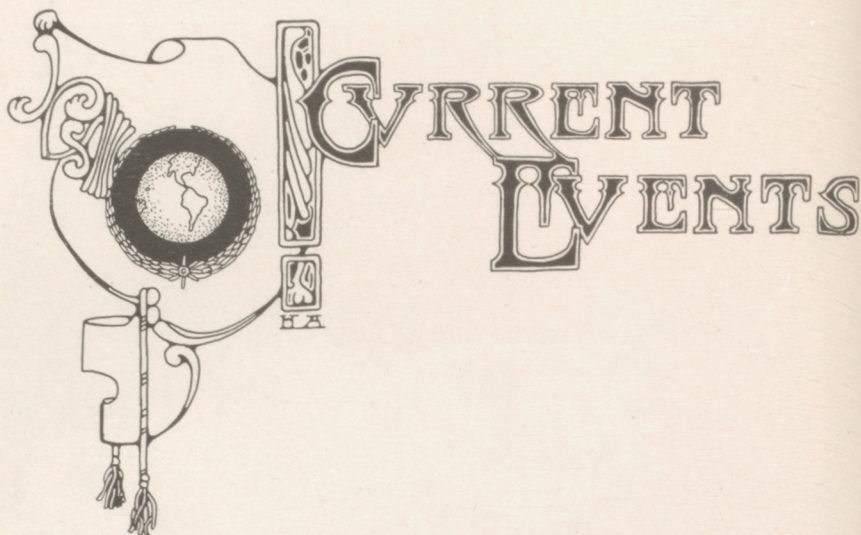
MASQUE CONTEST



ORCHESTRA PRACTICE

ARTHUR T.

J.C. GINDRAUX.



That the high school helps to form the personality and develop the student mentally, morally, physically, and socially was the substance of a talk given before the students of the North Central High School by Principal R. T. Hargreaves on October third.

"*We are Growers!*" he said, and one only had to look around the overcrowded auditorium to be convinced that his statement was true. "The enrollment of the high schools is growing by leaps and bounds each year, and North Central is not behind in this respect. But although this is true, many Freshmen leave. It's up to the students to keep beginners in high school. They come here, and everything is different; they are unacquainted; they are unable to get certain subjects, such as Algebra or German, and they drop out. We want them! You older students are the ones to convince them they are wrong in leaving. Let us have your co-operation.

"Another thing! We acknowledge that the high school fails to accomplish its end many times, but also remember that many articles made by successful manufacturers are failures, and these are all designed after patterns. Think how much more difficult is the work of the school when no two persons entering its doors are alike. Each must be patterned separately, no two can be treated the same. The wonder is that the modern high school succeeds in accomplishing so much when we pause to consider how different is the mental, moral, and physical heritage of each of its members, how varied the environment which surrounds each. The high school is molding the character of the future citizenship of this country. This is as much its work as the teaching of German or Mathematics."

* * * *

"The House of Representatives" meets every Friday morning from 9:10 until 10 o'clock in the first period Public Speaking Class, and debates questions of national importance and carries on business exactly like the real U. S. House of Representatives.

The second and third period classes have also organized, forming literary societies which meet during their respective class periods every Friday morning. These societies, formed for the purpose of studying Parliamentary Law in a practical manner, are under the direction of Miss Ethel Rogers. Roberts' "Rules of Order" will govern all meetings.

* * * *

"The success of the school depends as much upon the pupils, as upon the teachers, the board of education, and taxpayers," said Bruce M. Watson, Superintendent of the Spokane schools, to the students on October ninth.

"I want to impress this upon you who are attending this school, so that you will understand how responsible is your position. It is you who are the cause of the success or the failure of your school; you who make the school spirit, you who produce plays, you who contribute to athletic successes. Remember this."

Mr. Watson mentioned the fact that a majority of the names in "Who's Who" are college graduates, and that the educated man is the person fitted and equipped to take up the work assigned to him in life. He said that a person should never consider himself educated, but all through life should improve his mind in every way possible.

"You are making your record in life in the school today. You are establishing and strengthening your morals, you are learning how to carry yourself in society, you are molding your character, now. These are advantages which are not found so easily in the outside world, and you should not overlook them."

William and Bonnie Robinson treated the students to a clarinet and flute duet. Their first selection was "Twinkling Stars"; they responded to the encore with "Humoresque."

Ferris Gehrke's solos, "The Song of the Soul" and "Peg o' My Heart," were enjoyed by everyone.

* * * *

A complete interior stage setting and a canvas drop curtain for the auditorium will be the gift of the present Senior A Class to the school. This interior scene will consist of twelve pieces, and will be rather plain, as those now in use are elaborate. The drop curtain will be decorated with a scene. The new setting and curtain will be ready when the Senior Class presents their play and will be used by them for the first time.

* * * *

Mr. J. S. Knox, an expert on business efficiency, spoke in a convincing way to the students of the school in a rousing convocation on October twenty-fourth, and made a favorable impression on everyone there by his wonderful personality and the way in which he spoke.

Some of his statements were:

"A college-trained man has more influence in life than a thousand other men."

"There are 4,000,000 working boys out of high school, and only 50,000 in school."

"Eighty-five per cent of the boys now out of school are earning fifteen dollars a week or less."

"Boys and girls get a \$3,000-a-month ambition instead of a hundred dollar one."

"It's not a question of how big, little, or fat you are—it's the question of the brains in your head."

"You have three things to offer the world: brains, character and muscle."

"Mere brute strength will not get you anywhere. With this only you are to be compared with the horse. It's *character* in combination with *brains* that is wanted the world over."

Mr. Knox's speech was very forcible and clear throughout. No better constructed speech has been given in school this year. He can leave Spokane assured that he has made an impression on the students of the North Side.

Carol Hocking, leading lady in the opperettas "Silvia" and "Bul-Bul," gave two vocal solos. Her selections, "A May Morning" and "When Was There Ever a Duty Like This," were received with as much enthusiasm as anything of the kind this term.

* * * *

One hundred forty-seven pupils voted at the last city election. They are members of Mr. Ramsey's History classes.

The boys and girls passed up silently, voted their choice for City Commissioners, and approved, passed over, or disapproved of the amendments to the City Charter and proposed initiative ordinances, folded their ballots, and dropped them in the ballot box, then passed back to their seats.

Mr. Ramsey conceived the idea of giving the students, soon to be voting, some practical experience. He had them look up the past records of the twelve candidates and study the amendments and ordinances so that they would be prepared to vote intelligently. Then he got enough sample ballots for the members of his classes, and held the election on October twenty-ninth.

F. K. McBroom and R. E. Bigelow received the highest number of votes, defeating D. C. Coates and Z. E. Hayden, who were running for re-election. The following were the six leading men:

Name	1st	2nd	3rd	Total
F. K. McBroom.....	83	15	6	104
R. E. Bigelow.....	39	29	5	73
C. A. Fleming.....	31	32	8	71
Z. E. Hayden.....	40	24	6	70
Leonard Funk.....	36	23	9	68
D. C. Coates.....	34	18	5	57

* * * *

North Central High School took second place in the Washington Educational Association contest, being beaten by Stadium High School of Tacoma by a narrow margin. High schools from all over Washington contested for the large silver cup offered by Governor Lister. A large camera was presented to North Central by the Washington Grange Association.

Harold Montgomery was awarded first place in woodworking, scoring

98.8% out of a possible 100%. He made an excellent showing when we consider that he had to make a free-hand drawing of the object with all necessary dimensions figured out before construction began, and the design had to be carried out according to the sketch, all in a limited time. The two other members of our team were Bernice White, sewing; and Mary Endres, cooking.

The Spokane high schools entertained the guests from the twenty-ninth of October to November first.

* * * *

Charles J. Woodbury, a graduate of Williams College, and an intimate friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, spoke a few words to the student body of the school, mentioning incidents of his school days. He pointed out that the boys of his day were exactly like those of today, delighting in mischief and trying to make their teachers' lives unbearable.

Mr. Woodbury became acquainted with Emerson in college, and afterward lived in his home, accompanying him on all his travels. He is now traveling about the United States, lecturing on Emerson and his works.

* * * *

The North Central High School Debating Team, composed of Russel White, Aden Keele, and Earl Stimson, scored a victory over Sprague, Washington, on October seventh. North Central had the negative side of the question.

The question debated was, Resolved, That all unskilled labor from Southern and Eastern Europe should be excluded from the United States.

* * * *

"The four principles which I hold as the assets of a true education are: (1), That a man be able to make an honest living; (2), that he be able to distinguish between right and wrong; (3), that he be an honest, upright, conscientious citizen; and (4), that he have a true understanding of the principles of religion," said John H. Dietrich, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, in convocation, October twenty-eighth.

"Don't ever think that just because a man has been through college he is educated. These principles which I have enumerated mark an educated man. Adhere to your own beliefs if you truly believe in them; do the best you can under your circumstances, and you will be making good even if you are not famous."

Before Mr. Dietrich spoke, two violin solos were given by Robert Green, a young Freshman of the school.

* * * *

Major Gustav Schoof, a typical soldier of fortune, and a man who has traveled in all parts of the world, lectured Monday afternoon in the North Central High School auditorium on the Mexican situation.

"The United States should intervene or allow arms to be sent to Carranza," he said. "Huerta is not the man to hold the office; he cannot handle the reins of the government, and without a doubt he will collapse sooner or later. Madero was the only honest president Mexico had; all the others would sell their souls for money.

"I believe I am as well informed on this question as anyone, for I went

out and fought with the soldiers. I was in battles risking my life, not in palaces guessing at the situation. I mixed with Mexicans and met men of both armies."

Mr. Schoof has led a romantic life. He has been a cowboy, and a member of the Alberta Mountain Rangers of Canada; he has served under the British, Mexican, and American flags; he has hunted in Africa, and traveled in the Orient.

He has a large collection of strange articles gathered from all parts of the world, which were on exhibition the afternoon of his lecture.

All money over that which went to Mr. Schoof will be used to help pay for the Red and Black uniforms for the band.

* * * *

The Sigma Nu trophy, a full sized copperized football, resting on the shoulders of three players, was presented to the school by Frank Allen, a member of the Alumni Chapter of the Sigma Nu Fraternity of Spokane.

The cup is to be given the school winning the annual Thanksgiving Day football game between the local high schools, and is kept until the other team is the victor. It becomes the permanent possession of the school winning three successive years. North Central has the advantage, having won last year's game.

Unexpected difficulty in finishing the trophy resulted in our not receiving it until almost a year had passed.

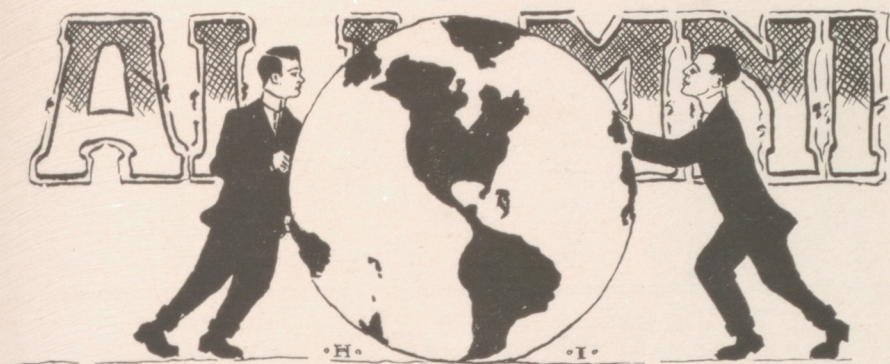
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Those who would climb far and high must travel light," said Norman F. Coleman of Reed College, Portland, in his address, "The Higher Ambition," to the students of the school on October eleventh.

"There is nothing more characteristic of the modern school life than the desire to load up with useless things. Those who succeed learn to cut out social engagements and clubs, even though they become popular through them. At our college we are endeavoring to do away with this useless baggage.

"The things inside a man count for more than those outside. The test of your education in this school is not the number of social activities you are engaged in, but what is inside you, such as courage, determination, and perseverance. There is a long road ahead of you, and to reach its end you must carry no extra baggage."





Selma Engstrom, Jan. '13, is studying music at Whitman College.

Jennie Mendham, June '12, is attending the Washington State College at Pullman.

Elmer Roedel, Jan. '13, is working at the Brown Company's flour mills in Vancouver, B. C.

Mable Carlson, June '12, is married and resides at 1317 Seventeenth Ave.

Mary Magee, June '13, is spending the winter in California.

Bertha Bunn is attending the University of Wisconsin.

Florence Foley, June '13, is teaching school at Mead, Washington.

Georgia Miller, June '12, is attending Holy Names Normal.

Gerald Tuttle, Jan. '13, is working at the Old National Bank.

Ruth Hocking, Jan. '13, is attending the Northwestern Business College.

Edith Orr, June '12; Hazel Hansen, June '13; Bernice Hare, Jan. '13; Margaret Oliver, June '13; and Ruth Fiskin, June '12, are at home.

Helen Gifford, June '12, is attending Cheney Normal.

Julia Chandler, Jan. '13, and Jerome Barline, June '13, are attending the State College.

Sam Hill, June '13, is working at the Standard Oil Company.

Arthur Dahlstrom, Jan. '13, is working at the Spokane Ornamental Works.

Wayne Durham, Jan. '13, is at the U. of W.

Leon Hills, June '13, Pullman.

George Teil, Jan. '13, is in the city.

Joseph Davis, Jan. '13, Pullman.

Howard Imhoff, June '13, is attending an Art School in Chicago.

Nellie McColl is taking a post graduate course.

Ralph Robinson, is studying Law at the U. of W. He is a candidate for the first basket-ball team there this year.

Robert Owen, Jan. '12, is working at the Union Trust Company.

Howard Rouse, Jan. '13, is attending the Jefferson Medical School of Philadelphia.

Kirby Torrence, June '12, is studying Medicine at the U. of W.

Vincent White, June '12, is attending the State College at Pullman.

Cligord Williams, June '13, is bookkeeper at the University Club, in the city.



CLASSES

DRH

SENIOR A

*We should worry,
So should they,
Ich Kaa Bibble,
Senior A!*

Have you heard about the Senior A play, "Janice Meredith?" "You'll miss it if you miss it," so remember it is to be given January sixteenth. Thelma Sherer and Frank Taylor have the leading roles, and the other fifteen members are well fitted for their parts. Come and see Edna Harrington; she'll make you laugh, and Ferris Gehrke, too. You will certainly find them amusing. As for Hazel Britton, she is as sweet and shy as ever.

On November twelfth the class appointed Rev. Dietrich of the Unitarian Church, Baccalaureate Speaker. At the same meeting, Otto Warn was elected Business Manager of the Class Play, and Donald Neely, Advertising Manager.

Have you discovered what the January '14 Class intends to leave the school? Perhaps you would like to know! We have decided upon an interior scene and an act drop curtain for the stage; so now, whenever you meet in the auditorium, you will be sure to remember us.

SENIOR B

It was in the fall of the year of 1910 that a tender young shoot grew upon the parent bush, North Central. It is said that it was very green, but showed signs of improvement. And improve it did, and although it had gotten a start late in the year, it bravely passed through that deadly stage known as the Freshman year, and continued to grow. In its third year of existence a small bud appeared and started to grow, until now, under the careful gardening of Mr. Ramsey, it has become the largest and most promising bud on the bush, and each day its petals are unfolding and showing to the school what a wonderful thing it is and of what it is made, and yet it has not attained its full growth. When the uncertain and dangerous winter with its deadly examinations is over and spring comes stealing in, awakening everything to new life, then will North Central be possessed of a blossom such as never before graced its halls.

Following up its policy of "finding a way or making one," the class being in need of funds held a candy sale, or rather the girls of the class held a candy sale and realized a goodly profit therefrom. The only defect was that there

was not enough of the candy and many poor unfortunates tasted not of its goodness. You of course noticed the arm bands which the boys of the class sold. About Thanksgiving Day they will be much in prominence.

November fourteenth, a class meeting was called and we decided to give the Senior A Class a banquet, and you can depend upon us to give them the one big time of their high school sojourn. At the meeting Vivian See gave a splendid reading and Aden Keele read an original story.

JUNIOR B

Have you seen our class rings, designed by Harry Lynde?

We wish to be modest and yet not bashful, so we want you to know that they are the best yet. We have the jeweler's word for that, and he has made nearly all the preceding classes' rings, so he knows.

And by the way, have you noticed the results of inter-class basket-ball games? The combined Junior A and Junior B team has beaten the Senior B's 15 to 9, and the Freshman A's accepted the short end of an 11 to 7 score. And then, as if that were not enough, our team went in and defeated the Sophomore A's 18 to 6, and also won a game from the Senior A's. We have a right to mention it, because we own a half interest in the team.

Our first program meeting was a great success. The greater part of the class was present and listened, with mixed feelings, to the tender warblings of Stuart Lower, to the gushing notes of Guy Sheehan, to the well-rendered piano solo of Merrill La Fontaine, and to the fiery orations of Opal Graham. No one regretted the time spent at the meeting.

We are planning great things for the big event of the semester and intend to make it a milestone in the upward climb of the class. We won't tell what it is going to be, but it will be characteristic of our class.

SOPHOMORE A

At the first class meeting of the year the class officers were elected under the careful supervision of Miss Jones.

The favored ones are:

Ray Prescott	<i>President</i>
Maud Kelley	<i>Vice President</i>
Olive Lepor	<i>Secretary</i>
Ward Walker	<i>Treasurer</i>
Philip McEntee	<i>Reporter</i>
Harvey Sanborn	<i>Yell-Leader</i>
Homer Ainsley	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Olive Lepor was named as chairman of the Social Committee. The other members of the committee are: Verna Cheesman, Anna Corcoran, Homer Ainsley, and Philip McEntee.

A class basket-ball team, captained by Floy Hodgson, is giving an excel-

lent account of itself in the Inter-Class Basket-Ball League and will probably finish well toward the first.

SOPHOMORE B

The Sophomore B class held their meeting on October 9, and with the assistance of Miss Signe Bostrom elected the following officers:

Frank Skadan	<i>President</i>
Garrett Whitbeck	<i>Vice President</i>
Spencer Morse	<i>Secretary</i>
Genevieve Ellis	<i>Treasurer</i>
Reginald Bullivant	<i>Yell-Master</i>
Helen Onserud	<i>Reporter to Tamarack</i>
Clifton Abrams	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

The Sophomore B is the largest class in the North Central and widely represented in the different activities of the school. We have members in the football team, the orchestra, the caste of "Bul-Bul," and one of the members won the contest offered by the Mathematics Society, last year, while another try-out for the Masque contest. In the tennis tournament, held in October, the championship in doubles was won by Glena Lee and Genell Wallace of our class.

FRESHMAN A

It is almost ten months now since most of us had knowledge enough to enter the marvelous mansion called "North Central High School." We had never before been organized or known as a separate class, but at last "we have the honor as well as the pleasure."

On October fifteenth, 1913, a Freshman walked swiftly into our session-rooms and asked permission to put a notice on the board. All eyes were turned in that direction and a sigh of "at last" came from the lips of a number of students.

The first meeting was to be held October sixteenth, 1913, in Room No. 218. A temporary chairman, Morton Margolyes, was elected and he appointed a committee to draw up a constitution. On October twenty-first, '13, we were again called to session by our temporary chairman. The following officers were elected:

Morton Margolyes	<i>President</i>
Marr Davenport	<i>Vice President</i>
Jared Wilson	<i>Secretary</i>
Bessie Hirschy	<i>Treasurer</i>
Florence Ross	<i>Tamarack Editor</i>
Merton Jesseph	<i>Yell-Master</i>
Robert Kennison	<i>Basket-ball Captain</i>

The President appointed a Program Committee for the next meeting, as follows: Lee McHenry, Martie Jensen, and Merton Jesseph.

On November eleventh, '13, we held our first class debate, Resolved, That all fats are more desirable than slims. A program then was enjoyed.

1. Piano Duet.....Misses Imogene McCury and Ruth Smith
2. ReadingLeon Weaton
3. Vocal SoloFlorence Ross
4. Debate
Negative—Merton Jesseph and Wesley Safford.
Affirmative—Carl Elliott and Martie Jensen.
 The debate was honorably won by the negative.
5. ReadingDaisy Weldy

After the program, Morton Margolyes appointed a new Program Committee, Evelyn Pickrell, Florence Ross, and Merton Jesseph..

We may be the youngest and most inexperienced class, but it takes time to become great. We all hope to be there some day.





THE MASQUE

One of the most interesting meetings of the year was held October twenty-ninth, at the home of Harold Kenyon. The house was attractively decorated in Hallowe'en "goblins" and "pumpkin" favors. The programme included original stories by Ruth Hollemback and Hazel Reed. An interesting reading was given by Hazel Britton and an original poem by Ward Walker. Two humorous readings by Marion Wise were enjoyed and Miss Broomhall read some clever and interesting parodies. After the programme a most delightful social evening was spent. Impromptu pantomimes by Stuart Lower and David Kirk were very amusing.

The Second Annual Masque Declamation contest was held Friday, November twenty-first. In the contest last year it will be remembered the first prize was won by Ira Ketchem, who also had his name engraved on the Masque cup.

The four contestants chosen in the semi-finals this year are Cecilia Kerkhoven, Edna Herrington, Julia Corner, and Etienne Kerkhoven. The first prize was won by Cecilia Kerkhoven, the second by Edna Herrington.

The splendid work of some of the graduated Masque members at different colleges is especially deserving of mention. James Gibbons, at The Chicago Art Institute, has done unusual work, having been promoted out of two classes and receiving seven honorable mentions for excellent work. Alan Paine, at Harvard, has been elected Treasurer of the Freshman Debating Club and is prominent in debating. Gayton Knight, at Cornell, was on the Freshman Track Team and has been admitted to one of the fraternities. Other graduate Masque members are doing excellent work at different colleges and universities.

The subject of the Masque play is under serious consideration. Watch for later announcements.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Again the activity and life of the Debating Society becomes noticeable in a spirited and well-prepared debate held October twenty-second on the question, Resolved, That North Central High School should adopt the student form of government.

A vote was taken after the debate and the society decided the question in favor of the affirmative.

At the next meeting the society enjoyed listening to political speeches given by members of the Debating Society, in which the good qualities of the different candidates for City Commissioner were set forth.

On November fourteenth the society met in the Physics lecture room and the following new members were initiated into the society: Henry Brauer, Martin Johnson, Martin Jessup, Lloyd Kamrath, Harold Kenyon, Ira Ketchem, Herbert Pefley, Fred Rohrer, Sheridan Palmquist, and Mr. Echert. The old members enjoyed putting the new ones through all manner of stunts, including *ex tempore* speeches. Two new officers were also elected. Byron Christian was elected Treasurer and Denton Peacock, Tamarack Reporter. It was decided that in the future the membership of the society would be composed of boys only.

Many very interesting events have been planned for the near future.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

Four new members were present at the last meeting of the club. They are: Rosetta Karow, Hazel Fisher, John Shaw, and Stanley Croonquist. Bryan Williams, a member, who was elected to the club last spring, has been forced to drop his school work for the present, but hopes to return soon. The date of the Algebra contest has been definitely decided upon now. This contest will be held in room 113, on Tuesday, December ninth, at 2:30. All those wishing to enter the contest must hand their names either to Miss Kave or the President of the club, on or before Friday, December fifth. A handsome pennant will be awarded the winner of this contest and his name will be engraved upon the Mathematics trophy, presented to the club by the Old National Bank.

THE GERMAN SOCIETY

"Out with the old! In with the new!"

The slogan above applies to the reorganization of our club. It is now made up of a limited number of students, as is the Masque, and to enter you must compete with others. This is a big step forward for the Germanistische Gesellschaft, as before, anyone above German II could become a member. Now the idea is not to see how many members we can have, but to see how

lively a crowd we can get—a crowd that is really interested in German work.

Several interesting programs have been given this term. There have been solos and readings by the members. German games have been played, and conversation has been carried on in German. Mrs. Woodward and Miss Fehr have each spoken to the club.

Whether you are a German student or not keep your eyes on this club!

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

Friday evening, October eighteenth, the Engineering Society made its debut into North Central social activities in the form of its annual banquet. The girls of the Domestic Science Department served a delightful dinner to the sixty men and boys present. If the "test of the pudding is in the eating," the girls need no more praise than was given to them by the manner in which the dinner disappeared. After a short talk from each of the faculty members, the club adjourned to the Physics lecture room, where Mr. C. W. Miller gave them an instructive stereopticon lecture on the process of making cement in a modern plant. His lecture was certainly a treat, and has strengthened the club's determination to have such inducements as often as possible.

On Saturday, November fifteenth, the society made a visit to the plant of the International Portland Cement Company at Trent. The visit proved an interesting and instructive one, and the plant was found to be scientifically arranged and thoroughly up to date.

The December meeting will be held during the early part of the month. All Junior and Senior boys are eligible to membership in this organization and are cordially invited to attend.

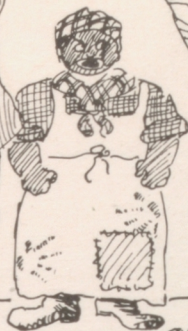




FRANK TAYLOR
"THE HERO"



M. POTTER "BUKEY"
AS
PHILLEMONT HENNION
AND HIS "PA"



EDNA



ABRAMS
"THE VILLAIN"



FERRIS GEHRKE
HIS WIFE



DON NEELY



THELMA SHERER
THE HEROINE

"SPUD"
OR
"SQUIRE
MEREDITH"

"JANICE MEREDITH"

SENIOR A PLAY.

JCGINDRAUX.



A SURE CURE FOR HOME SICKNESS

Take 12 ozs. of Dislike; 1 lb. of Resolution; 2 grains of Common Sense; 2 ozs. of Experience; a large pinch of Time; 3 grains of Cooling Water of Consideration, and set them over a gentle fire of Love; sweeten with Sugar of Forgetfulness, skim with the Spoon of Melancholy, put it in the bottom of your Heart. Let it remain and you will find ease and be restored to your former senses again. This prescription can be obtained at the House of Understanding, next door to Reason on Prudence Street, in the Village of Contentment. (Take when spells come on, a wineglass full every minute.)

DID YOU EVER NOTICE?

That the people who wish notoriety are always the ones who are continually asking you to keep their names out of the Tamarack.

With the Army of the Revolutionists, Mexico. From the Special Tamarack Correspondent:

June 13, 1925.—Today your correspondent interviewed Col. Leslie Hottes, the American adventurer, who is now the leading spirit of the revolution. He was asked to give his opinion as to the result of tomorrow's expected battle.

"Not having reliable information concerning the subject in question," he said, "I cannot presume to designate with any degree of accuracy, but according to the best of my knowledge, which, by the way, is no small amount, everything depends on the actions of our gallant leader, Gen. Kamrath."

Therefore, the situation is very much in doubt.

June 14, 1925.—The battle is now over. The revolutionists have suffered a decisive defeat. In the opinion of the correspondent, their defeat is due, in a large part, to the failure of Col. Hottes, usually such a brilliant strategist, to provide ammunition for his troops.

June 15, 1925.—Gen. Kamrath has escaped from the federal troops and has set sail for the United States. He is heart-broken over the execution of his dear friend, Col. Hottes.

When interviewed today, he was despondent. "I have," he said, "been offered a position as coach of The Lewis and Clark track team, and poverty has forced me to accept it. Alas, that I should sink so low!"

Get the Education That Gets the Money

Go to college or go into business, you'll need a thorough business course. Let the



train you. **GUARANTEED** instruction to **BEGINNERS** and **GRADUATE** students in all business branches.

INVESTIGATE TODAY
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Principal

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Jones Bldg.

(Where Tamarack is printed)

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INC.

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Kenyon Raincoats
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Our Values Keep Us Growing

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& Grip Co.
Sprague and Washington

You Can Get

*Hot Chili
Con Carne
and Hot Drinks*

At any time of the day at

Brooks

Maxwell and Monroe

Maxwell 1834



Take a Pail of Chili Home
With You

LIBRARY ETIQUETTE

1. Go not into the library when the spirit moves you to undue levity.
2. Put on a solemn countenance and a forbidding aspect, for it doth prove fatal to be sociable.
3. With one disdainful, withering glance, squelch that neighbor who doth display a fondness for many words.
4. Thou shalt never return a book to its place, for it is the delight of the librarian's heart to gather up the books and magazines which you have strewn in your path.
5. Do not commence a heart to heart talk in the library. You may be requested to finish it on the carpet.
7. Do not practice telepathy clear across the room. Sit at the same table.
8. Study together in companies of two or three. It is so helpful to you and to the others in the room.
9. Be not overwhelmed with the sense of your guilt when the librarian sees or hears you communicating. Look unconcerned, perhaps you can give the impression that you were merely gazing around.
10. Exercise not your vocal organs at the tables within; in the halls without, nor on the stairway beyond, for sound doth travel far.—Ex.

A little iron—a cunning curl.
A box of powder—a pretty girl.
A little rain—away she goes,
A homely girl with a freckled nose.
—Ex.

It has been reported that Osgoode Philpot lost his way home the night of the Engineering Club Banquet.

What was the matter, Ossie?

Special Prize for "Tamarack Cards"

We will give a North Central Jersey to the student presenting the most Tamarack cards in the the present card contest.

**N. C. Mackinaws, Ruff
Neck Sweaters, Jer-
seys, Gym Suits, Skates,
Skis**

Everything in Hardware

Special Prices to North Central
Students

**John. T. Little
Hardware Co.**

110 Washington St.

GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS

Do your Christmas
shopping here quick-
ly and economically

Nelson & Muir

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Everything to Eat

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The Home Supply Co.

Indiana and Monroe

Telephone Maxwell 441

Send Your Laundry
and Dry Cleaning to

The Crystal Laundry

Where Quality Is a *Reality*, Not a Promise

TELEPHONE
Main 6060; A 1060

Specials for Christmas

Now is your time to save money on your Christmas purchases. We are offering some exceptional values in Sample Fur Sets.

Silk Kimona Samples, in latest styles, one-third less than usual prices.

Fur Sets from \$4.75 to \$85.00.

Silk Kimonas \$1.49 to \$6.75.

Kid Gloves, special 98c, regular \$1.25.

Fancy Lace Collars and Lace Sets, Initial and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Slippers, etc.

We have never carried as fine a selection and never made such close prices. These are just a few items, but in every department we can save you money if you will let us.

Miller, Mower & Flynne

===== RIVERSIDE AND MONROE STREETS =====

WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO PREPARE IT

Edited by Mary Endres

Green vegetables should never be eaten before being cooked, as their effect is just as disastrous as green apples. Carrots make your hair red, so use discretion in your selection of the color of the carrots.

RECIPES

Vineggo Sandwiches

Dissolve two eggs in vinegar and add celery salt to taste and a teaspoon of cloves. Bake in a moderate oven until light and creamy. Spread on thin slices of prepared prunes, and serve immediately.

Onion Highball

Take two-thirds of a lemon and slice lengthwise in one-eighth inch slices; put on ice to absorb moisture. In the meantime prepare one pint of glucose, to which has been added one gram of iodine (to give color), and beat gently. When the mixture froths, remove immediately from the fire and take to a dark room from which all air is excluded and, beating gently, add the lemon frieze to the mixture. Allow to stand for six hours in an atmosphere permeated by the odor of onions. Serve with a stalk of timothy. This is a most exhilarating drink, and an excellent appetizer.

Snail in the Half Shell.

Remove the shell from an equal number of snails and cut in cubes. Add two-thirds cup chopped raisins, one-half square of chocolate, and one cup of lubricating oil. Mix all together, being careful not to destroy the texture of the compound. Heap lightly on the prepared shells and serve at once.

U. S. Ice Skates
75c to \$6.00

Skating Shoes \$3.75

Hockey Sticks 25c Up

Skis \$1.75 to \$8.00



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AFTER 15 years experience in Spokane we are firmly convinced that the ladies of our city want purity in their milk supply above all else, and that is what you get when you trade with the undersigned.

Pine Creek Dairy Co., 168 South Division Street
BOTH TELEPHONES

You Need a New Pair of Shoes *for the Holidays!*

Nowhere can you be better suited and better fitted than at

520
Riverside

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**Shoes for
Everybody**

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KRAUSE'S PACKAGE CHOCOLATES

Fourmost
Stellar
Milk

Creme De Menthe
Three Acts

Exceptional
Hi Art
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Dependable Dealers Sell Them

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SAY: "I SAW YOUR AD IN THE TAMARACK"

NO TWO RTHWH ILE

Pa tan dmi kehe ar dth atm on eyg
rewo nbu she sin thi sco unt ry.

O narr ivi ngat ch ica goan dwal
king dow nth estre ett heys awado ll
arb ills co ot tin gal on gt he si dew
al k.

O hm ik esa idp atth ereg oes adoll
arb ill.

Awwa itt ill weg etw her et he yar
eth ic k er.

FROM "THE RAVEN."

Once on a midnight dreary, while I
ponder weak and weary

Over useless pages of my school books
taken home,—

While I nod, nearly napping, suddenly
there comes a tapping

As of some thought gently rapping,
rapping on my ivory dome.

" 'Tis some idea," I muttered, "tap-
ping on my ivory dome;"

Then on again my thoughts do roam.

Scene: The dog house.

Time: Noon.

Briley: "Hey, Curley; what cha
doin'?"

Curley S. (with a weiner in one hand
and a slab of pie in the other): "Cram-
ming for tests."

There was a young waitress named
Myrtle,

Who carried a plate of mock turtle.

When, strange to relate,

She tripped, and the plate

That once was mock turtle, turned
turtle. —Ex.

HOLIDAY Shoe Sale At Crane's



Hear Ye!

A Feast for the Students

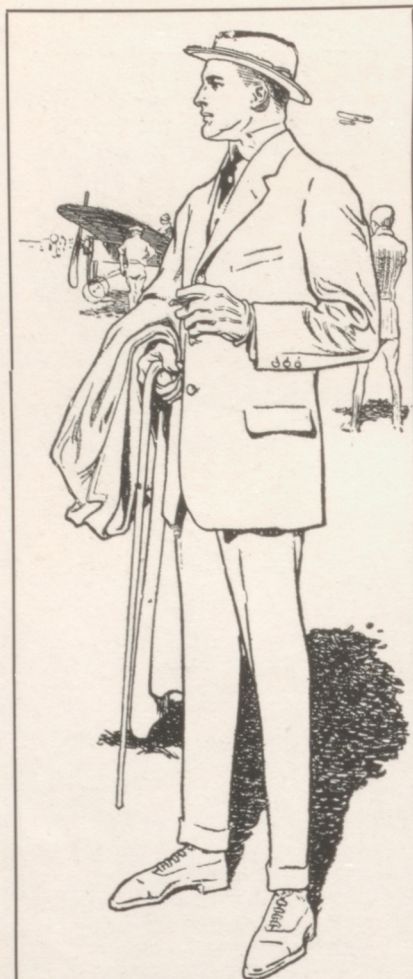
Every Shoe and Dress Pump
in Crane's large stock of up-to-
the-minute footwear

Reduced

Buy your Winter Walking
Boots and Party Slippers now
at reduced prices.

Crane Shoe Company

519 RIVERSIDE AVE.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

WE'VE just received a fine lot of young men's Suits and Overcoats for the Holidays; excellent values at \$20 and \$25; they're worth more.

HOLIDAY gifts of Haberdashery and Hats are acceptable to any man. We have lots of good things.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX
CLOTHES SHOP

508 Riverside Ave.

Eczema Torture

is one of the curses of modern life, of which none escape, rich or poor.

It can always be told by the thickened, cracked, and

Scaly Skin or Weeping Sores

from which oozes a clear liquid, which causes an intolerable

ITCHING

and makes life an itching misery, especially at night.

The old-syle method of treating the disease with greasy, sticky salves and soaps, simply covered over the skin, thereby giving the parasites a better opportunity to live underneath.

The treatment of eczema has of late undergone a complete and radical change, and so, instead of treating the surface only, a clean, cooling and penetrating lotion may now be applied, which goes to the bottom of the sores and kills the germs,

STOPPING THE ITCHING INSTANTLY and causing an entirely new skin to grow.

Such a lotion is

ECZEMINE

the newly discovered specific for eczema.

SOLD ONLY BY

JOYNER'S ORIGINAL
Cut-Rate Drug Stores

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN

Mr. Krieder (in Chem. II, on first day of classes): "Will you write this equation in the graphic form, please?"

Lost Freshie: "Isn't this a Physiology class?"

Boy: "How do you spell 'fuzzy-wuzzy'?"

Teacher: "F-u-z-z-y, fuzzy—

Boy: "Wuzzy?" (was he).

I hear that Lillian K. is fond of the tones of the scale.

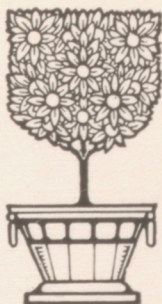
Yes, especially the second and third, Re Mi (Ramey).

Teacher: "Use the word 'notwithstanding' in a sentence."

Boy: "Tommy wore out his trousers notwithstanding."

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Spokane Florist Company



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SPOKANE

AS HEARD IN ENGLISH III CLASS

The North Central High School is on Howard and Nora.

Miss McNitt: "I sincerely pity them both."

When Merton J. called on Dolly H. one evening, he was entertained by her small brother until she should make her appearance.

"If you don't give me a quarter, I'm going to tell about you kissing Sis," threatened the small boy.

"But I didn't kiss your sister," protested Merton.

"You didn't? Then what did she give me a dime to say that to you for?" questioned the puzzled boy.



THE NAME OF
"Hardweather" has
been selected for this
overcoat by Stein
Bloch.

It is truly a real over-
coat and truly a real
Hardweather over-
coat—tailored as only
Stein-Bloch Smart
Clothes are tailored.

Does your mode of life
call for a real over-
coat?

We would like to have
you see yourself in
one of these coats.

Today is a good day to
look.

Fogelquist Clothing Co.

Riverside at Washington

Fifty Dollars

by the Management

THE CONTEST IS AS FOLLOWS.

To the student who presents the most Tamarack cards, between the dates, Oct. 20th to Jan. 20th, will be awarded first prize given above. The student presenting the next highest number of cards will receive the second prize, until all the prizes have been awarded, according to the number of cards distributed to advertisers.

The advertisers will be classified each issue on a convenient sized pocket card, to aid the student in distinguishing them.

This contest is offered to benefit our advertisers, and to prove to them that advertising in the Tamarack is well worth their investment, and in the establishment of this fact the Tamarack will be greatly benefited.

PR

First
Second
Third
Fourth
Fifth
Ten Prizes of

Begin NOW

Given Away

of The Tamarack

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

I. Any student of North Central High School is eligible.

II. One card only shall be presented with each purchase, regardless of amount.

III. Name of student presenting card must be plainly written on card.

IV. Parents or friends outside of school may assist any student by put-

ting the student's name on and then presenting them.

V. Arrangements have been made with advertisers to receive only one card with every sale made.

VI. Any student who, in the opinion of the judges is unfair, may be disqualified.

Judges will be the business staff of The Tamarack.

ZES

.....\$15.00

.....10.00

.....7.50

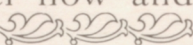
.....5.00

.....2.50

.....\$1.00 Each

And WIN

For Your Sweetheart

One of our pretty Imported baskets filled with chocolates would delight the heart of any girl. Order now and have first choice. 

Clayman's

SAY, BOYS!

**Order Your Clothes for the
Holidays Now**

SUITS OR OVERCOATS **\$18.00** AND
MERCHANT TAILORED UP

No matter what you are looking for we have something to perfectly satisfy your liking. Our imported and domestic line of fabrics are the best in Spokane.

Won't you come in and let us show you the Winter styles and fabrics?

Tailor Enderson

A GOOD PASTIME.

Standing outside of Room 13 at noon listening to the teacher's orchestra during the soup course.

Zelda Loe had been playing all the popular pieces Stuart Lower had asked for. After finishing playing "That Old Girl of Mine," Stuart said: "Do you know 'You Made Me Love You'?"

Zelda: "Oh! Stuart."

Miss Broomhall (in Spanish to boy who parses "girl" as an adjective): "But 'girl' is not an adjective. It does not modify anything."

John Lichty: "Girl modifies man sometimes, doesn't it?"

Mr. Bonser sings a soulful tune entitled, "Step By Step."



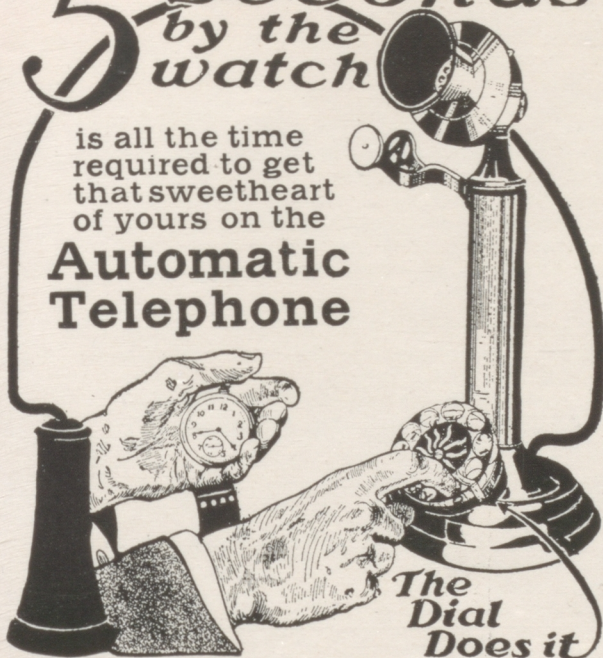
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Makers of Fine
JEWELRY

Won a reputation by
honest methods and
efficient workmanship

5 Seconds by the watch

is all the time
required to get
that sweetheart
of yours on the
**Automatic
Telephone**



Oh You Student!

Talk to your
sweet-
heart in
private
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\$2 a month.

**HOME
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165 S. HOWARD

The Spirit of Youth



It shows in every one of our young men's suits and overcoat models. The spirit is worth preserving, the clothes will preserve themselves. Some are extreme English in style, others not quite so much, but every style is original and has the dignity to preserve your good taste. We believe these are the finest examples of clothes smartness ever created by tailors.

Our recently added novelties in the different mixtures are the handsomest series of patterns that ever graced a clothing stock. You will find a superabundance of classy things to select from. All the newest models—NORFOLK, BOX BACK, SEMI-ENGLISH and the EXTREME ENGLISH. Prices ranging from

\$18.00 to \$35.00

I. X. L. Clothing Company

CONTRACT

It is hereby mutually agreed by and between Miss Ruth Hollembaek, the first party, and Sherman Grier, the second party, that the said first party and the said second party agree to disagree.

COUNTY OF SPOKANE,

SS.

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

Ruth Hollembaek, after being duly sworn, says: That she has read the above contract with forethought.

Signed RUTH HOLLEMBÆK.

Sherman Grier, after being duly sworn, says: That he has read the above contract with forethought.

Signed SHERMAN GRIER.

Witness my hand and seal this first day of November, 1913 Ao. Di.

Seal MERLE DAVIES.

The teacher asked: "When did Moses live?" After the silence became painful, she ordered, "Open your Old Testaments; what does it say there?"

A small boy answered, "Moses, 4000."

"Now," said the teacher, "why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought that was his telephone number.—Ex.

First a whistle, then a thud,
Then your face is in the mud,
Someone steps upon your back,
And your ribs begin to crack:
Hear a whistle, down! That's all;
That's the way to play football.

Decorate Your Room With Pennants

You can get all kinds at our store — Universities, Colleges, Schools—everything. Pennants made to order, too.

L. M. Varney

(Makes Shirts)

208 S. HOWARD STREET

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Neolian Academy * * OF * * Dancing



A Private School of Dancing

Established in 1913

Telephone Maxwell 1244

OVERCOATS

for Young Men



HAVE YOU
seen our
assortment
of up-to-date
Overcoats in the
famous Kuppen-
heimer Models?

Look them over.
We can show you
what is what in
stylish overcoats.

Prices reasonable.



PEERLESS
Clothing Co.
723-725 Riverside Ave.

THE STENOTYPE

TO LABOR LESS
AND ACCOMPLISH MORE

We introduced the Steno-
type September first and
have students writing **new**
matter as rapidly as can
the average office stenog-
rapher. Come up and dic-
tate **original matter** your-
self and be convinced.

DAY—SCHOOL—NIGHT

THE BLAIR BUSINESS COLLEGE

Cor First Ave. and Madison St.

WRITTEN IN THE 9:10
PERIOD

Now I sit me down to dream,
The dream I left to come to school;
And if I should snore before I wake,
Do pinch my arm, for pity's sake.

"I understand you have a fine foot-
ball team here," said the visitor to the
students; "what individual holds most
of the meqals?"

The student pondered. "Well,
sir," he said; "I guess it is the pawn-
broker down-town."—Ex.

Teacher (after giving boy a zero):
"Do you know what a zero means?"

Boy: "Yes; nothing."

Teacher: "That's a very clever an-
swer, but that doesn't count anything,
either."

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*It has all the
other kinds hol-
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Tailoring
Greif & Hill
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HEARD AT MR. GUNDRY'S RABBIT RANCH

Mother Rabbit: "I just washed my hare today, and I can't do anything with it."

"Why is bread like the sun?"

Teacher—"How is that?"

Boy: "Just hide in a hedge and make a noise like a turnip."

Teacher: "Why don't you hide in a cabbage patch and look natural?"
—Ex.

A small boy, taking his music lesson, was asked by his teacher, "What are pauses?"

The quick response was, "Things that grow on pussy-cats."—Ex.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Bouley,
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A thorough school of ballroom and theatrical dancing, grace, deportment and asthetics. All theatrical dances taught and carefully staged.

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Brown's Pharmacy No. 2—
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A LESSON IN LOGIC

Why does the bride always wear white at the wedding?

Because white stands for joy;

Perhaps that is why the bridegroom wears black.—Ex.

Miss Jones: "Leslie, put your work on the board."

Leslie C.: "I haven't it."

Miss Jones: "Why not?"

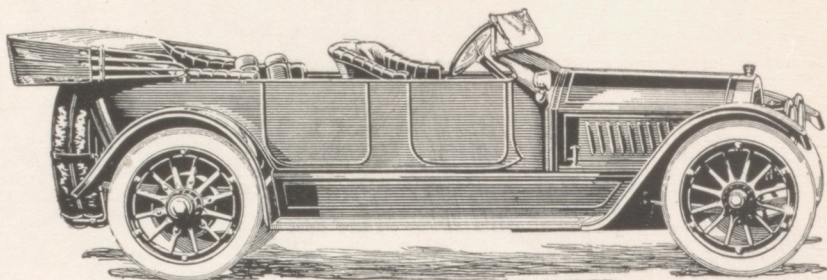
L. C.: "Well, my sister went to town last night and I had to take care of the two babies."

Mr. Jones (in Geo. I): "How many sides has a circle?"

Dorsey McKinney: "Two, inside and outside."

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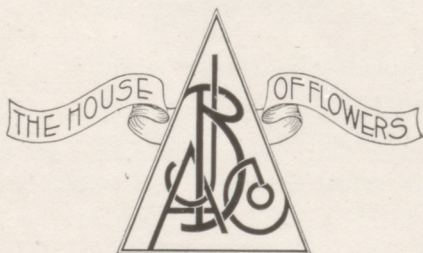
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AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

He asked a miss what was a kiss

Grammatically defined.

"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,

"And hence can't be declined."

—Ex.

Doctor Benefiel was demonstrating the passing of an electric current through different solutions.

Minnie W.: "What would it do if you put your finger in the solution?"

Dr. B.: "Get it wet."

Mr. Sanborn: "Howard, what is adamantite?"

Howard D.: "Add 'em on to—add 'em on to what?"

Teacher: "Then Moses descended

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	W	O	R B G	work
	W	R	EU	T
		E	PB	on
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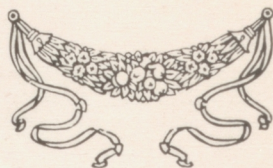
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MODERN MARY

Mary had a little lamb,
A goat it should have been,
For when Mary's beau stole a kiss,
It should have "butted in."

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous one, no doubt,
For when sweet Mary's beau came in,
This jealous lamp went out.

—Ex.

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her brow;
But the styles took a whirl,
And she wears that little curl
Back of her left ear now.

He called her lily, violet, rose,
And every other sweet flower of
spring.

She said, "I can't be all of those,
So you must lilac everything."

—Ex.

In the gloaming, oh, my daughter,
Turn the gas light down by half,
And as soon as he starts talking,
I'll turn on the dictograph.

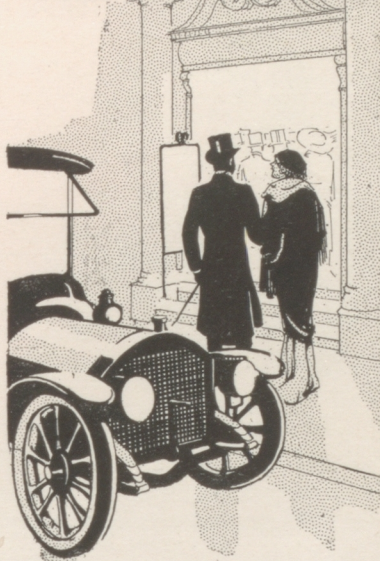
Ex.

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can't make him drink.
You can lead a fool to knowledge,
But you can't make him think.—Ex.

"Ha, ha, ho, ho!" said the newcom-
er; "ha, ha! I saw the Tamarack Joke
box."

Cora Martin says there's nothing
like getting your fill (Phil).

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If Irene Guernsey were lost, would Le Roy Hunter or would he go to Lyndall Frans (France) to find her?

R. H. (looking intensely at Bob O'Brien's Head): "Bob, you have a head the same shape as Henry Clay."

Bob: "Yes, several people have remarked that. And people with a head like his possess his talent."

R. H.: "Yes; but your head is more clay than Henry."

Helen D.: "Are you going to the German picnic, Haven?"

Haven L.: "Why, I don't know. I haven't decided yet."

Helen D.: "Oh, come and let's go together."

It isn't leap year yet, Helen.

Mr. Johnson: "Mr. McCready, you may continue the recitation on Spirogyrs."

Shorty Mc: "They are—Oh! I don't know."

Mr. Johnson: "Ernest, that recitation was about as long as you are."

Teacher (to supposedly deficient student): "How can you tell a fool?"

Student: "By the questions he asks."

Say—Would you like to B. Gordon Vessey and C. Olin Rice become a Carpenter that Fargo Olney Sawtell Endslo to Prickett and be Fehr.

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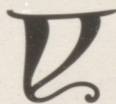
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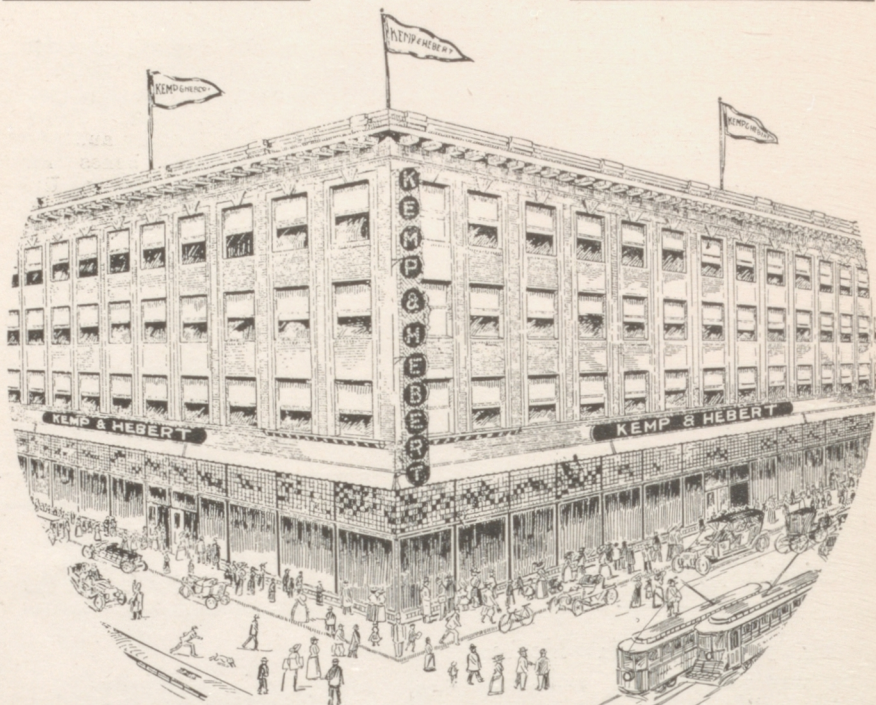
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Yes, your paper, 'The Tamarack' is responsible to you for its success or failure. No matter what activity the North Central advocates, it needs the support of each individual in the student body.

You realize the importance of 'The Tamarack' to the school, and the necessity of advertisements--both are indispensable.

To those merchants who do not realize the value of 'The Tamarack' as a medium for producing business, your salesman sells confidence instead of space. And to support this confidence which he has in you as a booster for your paper, he pledges your honor. Will you make good?

A large number of merchants believe in 'The Tamarack' because you have shown them you are behind it. Do not permit them to change their opinion.

Since 'The Tamarack' belongs to North Central it is up to every loyal student to support it.

Now, about the financial end, the easiest way to do this is to show preference to advertisers, and to hand out a Tamarack card every time you make a purchase.

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AT THE TANGO REVELS

"Sen my girl?"

"Ye-ah."

"Which way did she go?"

"Like this." —Ex.

LATIN

All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death, they surely earn it.

H. D. and C. H. arrived at the football game the last quarter.

H. D. (to an enthusiast): "What's the score?"

Enthusiast: "Nothing to nothing."

C. H.: "Goody! We haven't missed a thing."

A temperance lecturer rose and said impressively: "Every time I see a young man coming out of a saloon, I want to go right up to him and says, 'Turn around, young man, you're going the wrong way!'" —Ex.

To prepare the half shells, cut in three and dip in chlorine. This makes them more delicious than lettuce. Try this simply prepared dainty for your Sunday night lunch.

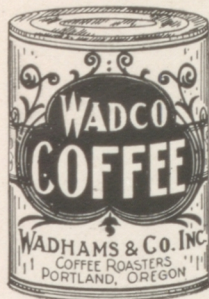
"Mac" was originally Scotch, and meant "son of." McDonald—son of Donald; McPhee—son of Phee; McGun—son-of-a-gun.

Mr. Bonser (in Phys. Fig. 1): "How would the earth look if there was no water on it?"

Freshie: "Dry."

Bathaline C. (in Eng. 7): "Every morning a certain young man passes our house, and then I know it's time to get ready for school."

Every morning, noon and night;
Every hour; its always right



A. W. Millar

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F U N

for Everybody

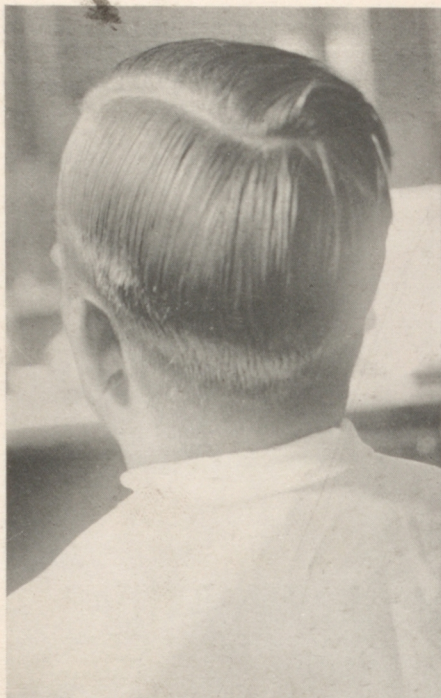
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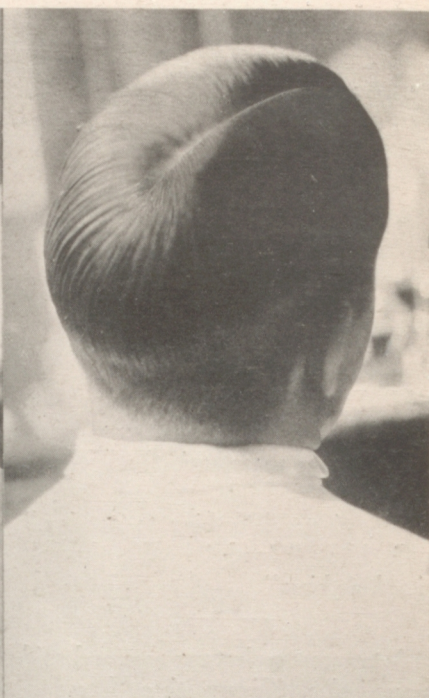
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Observing Details

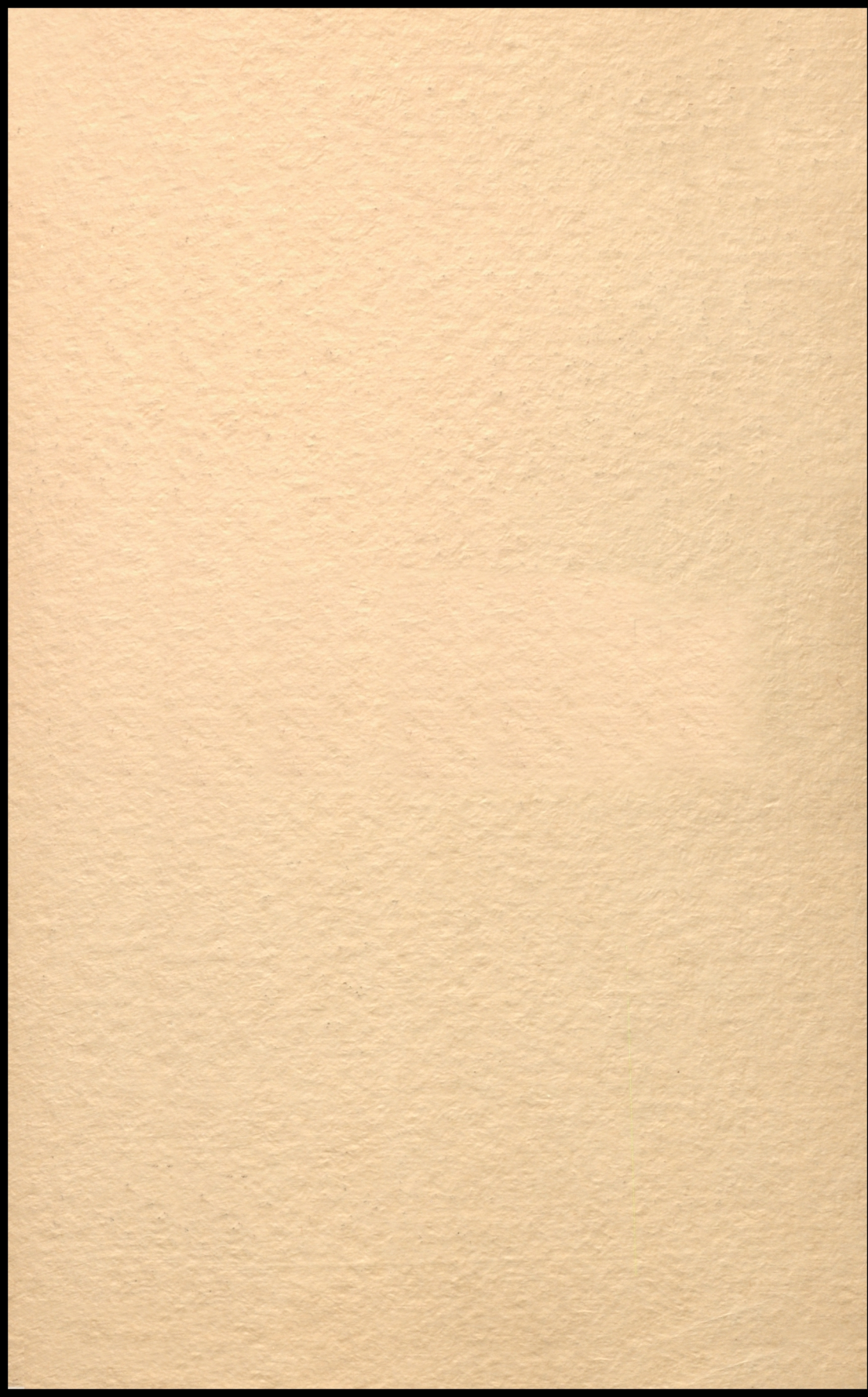
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J. G. Krummeck
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